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THE CAUCASIAN.

Pure Democracy and White Supremacy.

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I have just received a large lot of Elegant Jewelry. This I will guarantee to the purchaser to be just as represented. I sell no cheap, "fire guilt" goods but carry a STANDARD LINE OF GOLD FRONT GOODS. The attention of the ladies is called to the latest styles of BREAST PINS—they are "things of beauty!"
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If you want a good job don't fail to call on me. J. H. SIMMONS,
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TAX AND TAX.

THE INCOME TAX, THE OUT GO TAX, THE DIRECT LAND TAX.

Treasurer Bain's Ruling Confirms the Position we Took Last Week.

HE SHUTS THE MOUTHS OF THE LITTLE FELLOWS.

Yes, Big Appropriations Made.

Some persons are disposed to complain that the Legislature made many and large appropriations. They say that the last General Assembly appropriated more money and for more different purposes than any Legislature that ever assembled. For once their complaint is based on facts, we thank them for advertising the fact. We don't suppose these persons mean to be complimentary, but they certainly could say nothing more complimentary. Why? Because the Legislature did all this without increasing taxation a single cent. It is one of the great duties of the Legislature to appropriate wisely the funds that have been turned into the State Treasury. They must do this, for not a dime can be taken from the vaults of the Treasury except by the order of the people through their representatives. Should the Legislature have appropriated only part of the funds and left the remainder idle and worthless in the Treasury for the next two years? The great trouble with our State is that she has not enough funds, when all is appropriated, for many much needed and wise improvements. Has not every Legislature appropriated all the money in the Treasury? If not then it did not do its duty, for this was one of the things it was elected to do. But the critics say that this body appropriated more money than any other. Then it has performed a miracle and won the lasting gratitude of the State, for it has done it without raising taxation. Then the only question left is, were the appropriations wisely made? That the results will demonstrate this we are thoroughly satisfied. Nine-tenths of the best men who closely watch legislation say that more wisdom and progressiveness was shown in this respect than by any other Legislation for a quarter of a century.

Last week, in a leading editorial, we took the position that all this fuss about the income tax was only a bug bear. We quoted from the law as laid down in the Revenue and Machinery Acts to prove it. On last Saturday State Treasurer Donald W. Bain made a ruling, as it is his duty to do, on the construction of the law with reference to the tax, which exactly confirms the position we took last week. The following is his decision and will be the instructions sent out by him to tax listers:

"The provisions in the former Revenue acts taxing incomes derived from srlaries and fees, and allowing the tax-payer to deduct one thousand dollars as necessary expenses for conducting his business or for supporting his family, have been amended by striking out the clause allowing the deduction of one thousand dollars.

"The 'Machinery Act,' section 17, subdivision 8, requires the tax-payer to list 'net income.' It is necessary, therefore, to define the language 'NET INCOME.' The Treasurer has given the subject careful consideration and has conferred with associate officers of the State Government. Without repeating here the reasoning of the opinion he states as follows: 'The word net is allowed its ordinary meaning of 'FREE FROM EXPENSES,' or 'TO PRODUCE AS CLEAR PROFT, viz: THAT WHICH REMAINS AFTER THE DEDUCTIN OF ALL CHARGES OR OUTLAY,' especially following the general course of legislation, and legislative definition, acted upon for more than twenty years in previous revenue statutes. The true interpretation of the act is to allow the tax-paper to deduct from his gross income the actual necessary expenses of his business, or of supporting his family. This construction, which has not been reached without some dificulty, calls for the exercise of the utmost care on the part of the tax-payer in listing the true amount of his NET income. He can deduct only the actual expenses of his business or of supporting his family, and such expenses should be allowed him by the list taker,"

So the great bug-bear disappears. The Legislature did not play the fool and the people will not be ruined. This is so, and that it is so will hurt some people.

We have been asked so many questions about the "Direct Tax" to be refunded by Congress to the individuals through the various State Governments, that we have decided to give in full a copy of the bill passed by the General Assembly in relation to it:

"The General Assembly of North Carolina do Enact:"

Sec. 1. That the money paid into Treasury of the State by the Governor under the terms of the Act of Congress refunding the Direct Tax, shall be held in trust for the benefit of those persons or inhabitants from whom the taxes were collected, or their legal representatives, as provided in said Act of Congress.

Sec. 2. That the money received by the Governor as aforesaid shall be re-invested by him in North Carolina four per cent. bonds, and all the expenses of carrying into effect the provisions of the act shall be defrayed out of the interest accruing upon said bonds.

Sec. 3. That it shall be the duty of the Governor to procure from the proper department at Washington certified copies of the tax lists and other evidence of payment of the direct taxes to the United States by persons or inhabitants of North Carolina, and to notify such persons or inhabitants, or their legal representatives, of the amount due them under this act. The Governor shall, as far as practicable, provide for the repayment of the direct taxes to the persons entitled thereto, and not to an agent or attorney. All claims under the Act shall be filed with the Governor, together with proper proof of the qualification of any executor or administrator where the person from whom the tax was collected is dead. Upon proper proof the Governor shall draw his warrant in favor of the person entitled, and the same shall be paid by the Treasurer of the State.

Sec. 4. No agent or attorney shall demand, collect, or receive more than five per centum commission upon the amount collected, as compensation for any service rendered to any claimant for any collection under this act; and any peason violating this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Sec. 5. That all claims under the trust created by the act of Congress above mentioned shall be filed with the Governor within six years next after the approval of said act on March 2d, 1891; and all claims not so filed shall be forever barred. And all money remaining in the Treasury arising from said fund, at the expiration of the six years, shall be covered into the Treasury as the property of the State.

Sec. 6 This Act shall be in force from and after its ratification.

Under the authority of this Act Governor Fowle immediately made a requisition upon the U. S. Government for the $377,000 paid by the citizens of North Carolina. He was the first Governor in the Union to apply for the people's money; but some delay will be necessary before he receives it. New York and some other States that applied after North Carolina have already received their quota. Why is this? Because New York and other States paid the money from the general funds in the State Treasury in 1862, but in this State the money was paid directly by the citizens in 1866. So it is necessary to make a copy of the names and the amounts, so that the money may be refunded to the individuals. So let every one be patient, for as soon as this can be done, the Governor will notify the public.

PROSPEROUS KNITTING MILLS.

Small Industries Pay the Largest Dividends.

The knitting mills at Tarboro, Scotland Neck, Oxford and elsewhere are over run with orders and are making money right along. Here is an industry which requires but little capital, pays well and is of value to a community because it furnishes employment and brings money into a place. This is but one of hundreds of small industries which can be established in Southern towns and by which their prosperity be greatly promoted.—Rocky Mount Argonaut.

We are glad to learn that a knitting mill will be started in our neighboring town of Warsaw. Such a mill would pay much better than merchandising here and take less capital. A half a dozen small industries is what our town needs. Such enterprises would turn money over fast. One dollar that will go through ten hands in a day is worth more to a community than ten dollars that changes hands only once. Do you see? Yes, everybody would be a hundred per cent. better off if half of the money that is now invested in merchandise or loaned out at big rates of interest was invested in enterprises that create wealth and turn money over fast.

NEW THIRD CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

The Population by Races.

According to the census the population of the Third Congressional District by races is as follows:

COUNTIES.	White.	Black.	Indian.	Total.
Sampson,	15,877	9,210	—	25,096
Cumberland,	14,614	12,658	49	27,321
Harnett,	9,368	4,301	31	13,700
Moore,	13,816	6,649	14	20,479
Bladen,	8,500	8,263	—	16,763
Duplin,	11,539	7,248	3	18,690
Onslow,	7,282	3,021	—	10,303
Jones,	3,843	4,560	—	7,403
Craven,	7,054	13,476	—	20,533
	91,893	68,298	97	160,288

DUNRAVEN RANCH

A Story of American Frontier Life.

By Capt. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,
Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "From the Ranks," "The Deserter," Etc.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

ES, certainly very pretty—now. It's such a pity that Englishwomen grow coarse and stout and red faced so very soon after they are married." The speaker was Mrs. Belknap, and her soft voice was tuned to a pitch of almost pathetic regret. They were talking of Miss Maitland, who had just been assisted to her saddle by the colonel, and now, followed by the faithful Griggs and escorted by Capt. Stryker, was riding away homeward after a brief call at the post. Fort Rossiter, once so humdrum and placid and "stupid," as the ladies termed it, had been the vortex of sensations for a whole fortnight, and one excitement had trodden on the heels of another with such rapidity that people were growing weary.

Perhaps the happiest man in garrison was Capt. Stryker; he had refused to believe in the guilt of Sergt. Gwynne when Capt. Wayne came to him to say that there were men in his troop who openly accused the sergeant of having that cherished seal ring secreted in his chest. So confident was he that he had gone with the captain and Mr. Farnham to the stables and there told Gwynne of the charge against him. Gwynne flushed hotly, denied the truth of the story, but hesitated when asked if he would allow his chest to be searched. This was quickly noted by Wayne and Farnham, and the search was insisted upon. Gwynne then said there were a few items in that chest which he allowed no one to see; he pledged his soldier word that they were nothing but a paper or two, some little photographs and a book. These he asked permission to remove first; then they might search. But Wayne sternly refused. The sergeant turned very white, set his lips, and hesitated still, until his own captain spoke: then he surrendered his key.

Wayne and Farnham bent over the chest while the troop first sergeant rapidly turned over the clothing, books, etc., with trembling hands. There was a little compartment at one side, in which were lying some small items—a pocket compass, a pencil case, some keys, a locket and a neck chain, and, among these, something wrapped in tissue paper. This was handed to Capt. Wayne, who unrolled the paper, and—there was a massive seal ring. A crest was cut in the stone, and, taking it to the light, Wayne was able to make out the motto, "Quod sursum volo videre." It was the ring Maitland had lost.

Stryker looked wonderingly at his sergeant, who stood there as though petrified with amaze and consternation, pale as death, and unable to say a word. Asked to explain the matter, he could only shake his head, and, after awhile, hoarsely muttered, "I know nothing about it. I never placed it there."

"Do you mean to tell me you never saw it before?" asked Wayne, sternly. And Gwynne was silent.

"Is this the first time you ever saw it, I say?" repeated the captain angrily.

"No, sir; I have seen it before," was the answer.

"Then you must have known 'twas stolen, and you have connived at its concealment," was Wayne's triumphant conclusion; and on the report of his officers Col. Brainard had no alternative but to order Gwynne's close arrest. Only Stryker's appeal and guarantee saved the sergeant from confinement in the guard house.

The next sensation was the sight of Dr. Quin galloping back to the post like mad and bolting unceremoniously into the colonel's gate. Then Stryker was sent for, and the three officers held an excited conversation. Then the orderly went at a run over to the quarters, and in five minutes Sergt. Gwynne, erect as ever and dressed with scrupulous care, looking anything but like a guilty man, was seen crossing the parade towards his colonel's house. The men swarmed out on the porches as the tidings went from lip to lip, and some of the Irish troopers in Wayne's company were remarked as being oddly excited. Just what took place during that interview none could tell, but in ten minutes the news was flying around the garrison that Sergt. Gwynne was released from arrest, and in less than half an hour, to the wonderment of everybody, he was seen riding away towards Dunraven with Dr. Quin, and for two days more did not reappear at Rossiter.

But when the story flashed from house to house about the garrison that Sergt. Gwynne was not Sergt. Gwynne at all, but Mr. Archibald Wyndham Quin Maitland, late of her majesty's —th Lancers, the only surviving son of the invalid owner of Dunraven Ranch and other valuable properties, the amaze amounted to stupefaction. It was known that old Mr. Maitland lay desperately weak and ill the day that Quin the doctor came riding back. All manner of stories were told regarding the affecting nature of the interview in which the long lost son was restored to his overjoyed father, but, like most stories, they were purely the offspring of imagination, for at that interview only three were present: Gladys led her brother to the room and closed the door, while good Mrs. Cowan stood weeping for joy down the long corridor, and Dr. Quin blinked his eyes and fussed and fidgeted and strode around Perry's room with his hands in his pockets, exploding every now and then into sudden comment on the romantic nature of the situation and the idiocy of some people there at Rossiter. "Joy does not kill," he said; "Maitland would have been a dead man by the end of the week but for this; it will give him a new lease of life."

And it did. Though the flame was feeble and flickering, it was fanned by a joy unutterable. The boy whom the stricken father believed his stubborn pride and condemnation had driven to despair and suicide was restored to him in the prime of manly strength, all tenderness, all forgiveness, and Maitland's whole heart went up in thanksgiving. He begged that Brainard and Stryker would come to him, that he might thank them for their faith in his son; he bade the doctor say to Perry that the moment he could be lifted from his bed he would come to clasp his hands and bless him for being a far better friend to his son than he had been a father.

The sergeant's return to the post was the signal for a general turnout on the part of the men, all of whom were curious to see how he would appear now that his identity was established. Of course, his late assailants could not join in the crowd that thronged about him, but they listened with eagerness to everything that was told. "He was just the same as ever," said all accounts. He had never been intimate with any of them, but always friendly and kind. One thing went the rounds like lightning.

"You'll be getting your discharge now, sergeant," said Mrs. Reed, the voluble wife of the leader of the band, "and taking up your residence at the ranch, I suppose. Of course the British minister can get it for you in a minute."

"Not a bit of it, Mrs. Reed," was the laughing answer. "I enlisted to serve Uncle Sam five years, and he's been too good a friend to me to turn from. I shall serve out my time with the —th."

And the sergeant was true to his word. If old Maitland could have prevailed, an application for his son's discharge would have gone to Washington; but this the soldier positively forbade. He had eight months still to serve, and he meant to carry out his contract to the letter. Stryker offered him a furlough, and Gwynne thankfully took a week, that he might be by his father's side and help nurse him to better health. "By that time, too, the garrison will have grown a little more accustomed to it, sir, and I will have less embarrassment in going on with my work."

Two days before his return to duty there came a modified sensation in the shape of the report that a trooper of Wayne's company had deserted. He was a man who had borne a bad reputation as a turbulent, mischief making fellow, and when Sergt. Loary heard of his going he was in a state of wild excitement. He begged to be allowed to see his captain, and to him he confessed that one of his little party of three had seen the ring drop from Mr. Maitland's finger the night of the first visit to Dunraven, had managed to pick it up and carry it away in the confusion, and had shown it to his friend in Wayne's troop when they got back. The latter persuaded him to let him take it, as the lockers of the men who were at Dunraven were sure, he said, to be searched. It was known that he had a grudge against Gwynne; he was one of the men who was to have gone to the ranch the night they purposed riding down and challenging the Englishmen to come out and fight, but had unaccountably failed at the last moment. They believed that he had chosen that night to hide the ring in the sergeant's chest: he could easily have entered through the window. And this explanation—the only one ever made—became at once accepted as the true one throughout the garrison.

During the week of his furlough the sergeant found time to spend many hours by the bedside of Lieut. Perry, who was rapidly recovering, and who by the end of the week had been lifted into an easy invalid chair and wheeled in to see Mr. Maitland. When not with Mr. Perry, the young trooper's tongue was ever wagging in his praise. He knew many a fine officer and gallant gentleman in the service of the old country, he said, and he admired many a captain and subaltern in that of his adopted land, but the first one to whom he "warmed"—the first one to win his affection—was the young cavalryman who had met his painful wound in their defense. Old Maitland listened to it all eagerly—he had already given orders that the finest thoroughbred at Dunraven should be Perry's the moment he was able to mount again and he was constantly revolving in mind how he could show his appreciation of the officers who had befriended his son. Mrs. Cowan, too, never tired of hearing Perry's praises, and eagerly questioned when the narrator flagged. There was another absorbed auditor, who never questioned and who listened with downcast eyes. It was she who seldom came near Perry during his convalescence, she who startled and astonished the young fellow beyond measure, the day the ambulance came down to drive him back to the fort, by withdrawing the hand he had impulsively seized when at last she appeared to bid him adieu, and cutting short his eager words with "Mrs. Belknap will console you, I dare say," and abruptly leaving the room.

Poor Ned! In dire distress and perplexity he was driven back to Rossiter, and that very evening he did a most sensible and fortunate thing: he told Mrs. Sprague all about it; and, instead of condoling with him and bidding him strive to be patient and saying that all would come right in time, the little woman's kind eyes shone with delight, her cheeks flushed with genuine pleasure; she fairly sprang from her chair, and danced up and down and clapped her hands and laughed with glee, and then, when Perry ruefully asked her if that was the sympathy he had a right to expect from her, she only laughed the more, and at last broke forth with:

"Oh, you great, stupid, silly boy! You ought to be wild with happiness. Can't you see she's jealous?"

And the very next day she had a long talk with Dr. Quin, whose visits to Dunraven still continued; and one bright afternoon when Gladys Maitland rode up to the fort to return calls, she managed to have quite a chat with her, despite the fact that Mrs. Belknap showed a strong desire to accompany that fair English girl in all three of her visits. In this effort, too, the diplomatic services of Capt. Stryker proved rather too much for the beauty of the garrison. Was it possible that Mrs. Sprague had enlisted him also in the good cause? Certain it is that the dark featured captain was Miss Maitland's escort as she left the garrison, and that it was with the consciousness of impending defeat that Mrs. Belknap gave utterance to the opening sentence of this chapter; Mr. Perry had distinctly avoided her ever since his return.

One lovely evening late in May Mr. Perry was taking his first ride on the new horse, a splendid bay and a perfect match for Gladys Maitland's favorite mount. Already had this circumstance excited smiling comment in the garrison; but if the young man himself had noted the close resemblance it conveyed no blissful augury. Everybody remarked that he had lost much of his old buoyancy and life, and it must be confessed he was not looking either blithe or well. Parke had suggested riding with him—an invitation which Perry treated so coldly that the junior stopped to think a moment, and began to see through the situation; and so Mr. Perry was suffered to set forth alone that evening, and no one was surprised when, after going out of the west gate as though bent on riding up the Monee, he was presently seen to have made the circuit of the post and was slowly cantering down towards the lower valley. Out on the eastern prairie another horseman could be seen, and presently the two came together. Col. Brainard took down his binocular and gazed out after them.

"I declare," said he, "those two figures are so much alike I cannot tell which of them is Perry."

"Then the other is Sergt. Gwynne, colonel," said Stryker, quietly. "Put him in our uniform, and it would indeed be hard to tell the two figures apart. Mr. Maitland told me last week that that was what so startled and struck him the first time he saw Perry."

"How is Mr. Maitland now, do you know?"

"He gets no better. After the first week of joy and thanksgiving over his boy's restoration to him, the malady seemed to reassert itself. Dunraven will have a new master by winter, I fancy."

The colonel was silent a moment. Then he suddenly asked:

"By the way, how was it that Gwynne wasn't drowned? I never understood that."

"He never meant to be," said Stryker. "He told Perry all about it. He was ruined, he thought, in his profession and in his own country, and he knew his father's inexorable pride; so he simply decided to put an end to Archie Maitland and start a new life for himself. He wrote his letters and arranged his property with that view, and he called the steward to enable him to swear he was in his stateroom after the steamer weighed anchor. Then in a jiffy he was over the side in the darkness; it was flood tide and he was an expert swimmer; he reached a coasting vessel lying near; he had money, bought his passage to France, after a few days at Cape Town, and then came to America and enlisted. He got a confession out of one of their irregulars who was with him, Perry says, and that was one of the papers he was guarding so jealously. He had given others to Perry that very night."

"They seemed to take to each other like brothers from the start," said the colonel, with a quiet smile.

"Just about," answered Capt. Stryker.

Meantime, Perry and Sergt. Gwynne have been riding slowly down the valley. Night has come upon Dunraven by the hour they reach the northern gate—no longer closed against them—and as they near the house Perry slowly dismounts. "I'll take the horses to the stable myself: I want to," says his trooper friend, and for the second time the young officer stands upon the veranda at the doorway, then holds his hand as he hears again the soft melody of the piano floating out upon the still night air. Slowly and not without pain he walks around to the east front, striving to move with noiseless steps. At last he stands by the open casement, just where he had paused in surprise that night a month agone, and slowly drawing aside one heavy fold of curtain, gazes longingly in at Gladys Maitland, seated there at the piano, just where he first saw her lovely face and form.

Presently, under the soft touch of her fingers, a sweet, familiar melody comes rippling forth. He remembers it instantly; it is the same he heard the night of his first visit—that exquisite "Spring Song" of Mendelssohn's—and he listens, spell bound. All of a sudden the sweet strains are broken off, the music ceases; she has thrown herself forward, bowed her queenly head upon her arms, and, leaning over the keyboard, her form is shaken by a storm of passionate tears. Perry hurls aside the sheltering curtain and limps rapidly across the soft and noiseless rug. She never dreams of his presence until, close at her side, a voice she has learned to know and know well—a voice tremulous with love, sympathy and yearning—murmurs only her name, "Gladys," and, starting up, she looks one instant into his longing eyes.

Sergt. "Gwynne" Maitland, lifting the heavy portiere a moment later, stops short at the entrance, gazes one second at the picturesque scene at the piano, drops the portiere, and vanishes, unnoticed.

Things seemed changed at Dunraven of late years. The —th are still at Rossiter, so is Lieut. Perry. It may be the climate or association with an American sisterhood, or—who knows?—perhaps somebody has told her of Mrs. Belknap's prediction, but Mrs. Perry has not yet begun to grow coarse, red faced or stout. She is wonderfully popular with the ladies of the —th, and has found warm friends among them, but Mrs. Sprague of the infantry is the woman she particularly fancies, and her gruff old kinsman Dr. Quin is ever a welcome guest at their fireside. It was he, she told her husband long after, who undid the mischief Mrs. Belknap had been able to sow in one brief conversation. "I've known that young woman ever since she wore pinafores, Gladys. She has some good points, too, but her one idiosyncrasy is that every man she meets should bow down to and worship her. She is an Alexander in petticoats, sighing for new worlds to conquer, has been a coquette from the cradle, and—what she can't forgive in Ned Perry is that he simply did not fall in love with her as she thought he had."

Down at Dunraven the gates are gone, the doors are very hospitably open. Ewen is still manager de jure, but young Mr. Maitland, the proprietor, is manager de facto, and, though there is constant going and coming between the fort and the ranch, and the officers of the —th ride in there at all hours, what makes the ranchman so popular among the rank and file is the fact that Sergt. "Gw—" as they still call him, has a warm place in his heart for one and all, and every year when the date of his enlistment in the —th comes round he gives a barbecue dinner to the men, whereat there are feasting and drinking of healths and song and speech making, and Leary and Donovan and even the recreant Kelly are apt to be boisterously prominent on such occasions, but blissfully so—for there hasn't been a shindy of any kind since their old comrade stepped into his possessions at Dunraven Ranch.

THE END.

GREAT GE-WHILIKINS!

Here are some figures from that wonderful book, the World Almanac, which should be pondered by every citizen. Read the following paragraph over three times and then let us figure a minute:

"In 1886, there were 365,783 pensioners, to whom we paid $66,000,000. For 1892, the estimates are 706,717 pensioners, costing us $125,099,785."

To have shown up this mammoth piece of corruption jobbery the World Almanac should have shown its growth from the "beauty of its original deformity" in 1865. The first pension appropriation, if we remember correctly, was only about five million dollars (a big sum that) and it was then claimed that the amount would grow LESS each year as the pensioners died. Die! Not a single one it seems has died, but instead have multiplied, until to-day, twenty-seven years after the close of war, over seven hundred thousand men (all North) are drawing pensions at the average rate of $177 a piece. Instead of the five millions decreasing each year, it increased each year until now we are each year paying in taxes from the United States Treasury to the yankee soldiers in the shape of pensions (but really a campaign corruption fund) not only five million dollars but twenty-five times five million. How much longer will the tax-payer submit to such infamous robbery and corruption!

OBEYING THE CALL TO ARMS.

"I've been working hard for a Federal appointment ever since Harrison was inaugurated," exclaimed a man on Pennsylvania avenue yesterday morning, and I haven't got it yet. I obeyed the call to arms twenty-eight years ago and I think I am deserving of credit. I suffered many a hard campaign."

"Oh, rats!" said a man who stood near, "what do you know about suffering? I obey the call to arms a dozen times a night and am doing it in caring for the citizens of this Republic. If you are entitled to a Federal appointment so am I."

"What do you mean?" asked the crowd standing about.

"Simply that I have twins up at my house," answered the man, sadly.—Ex.

Guaranteed Cure for La Grippe.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell you Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with La Grippe and will use this remedy according to directions, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We make this offer, because of the wonderful success of Dr. King's New Discovery during last season's epidemic. Have heard of no case in which it failed. Try it. Trial bottles free at Dr. R. H. Holliday, Clinton, N. C., and John R. Smith, druggist, Mt. Olive, N. C.

THE PRESENT ASPECT.—
The poets oft have mentioned
That great unequalled snap—
The lingering of winter
In spring's delightful lap.

But the way things now are going,
It rather seems to me,
That winter's got the gentle spring
Across his chilly knee.
—Boston Courier.

You are in a Bad Fix

But we will cure you if you will pay us. Our message is to the weak, nervous and debilitated, who, by early evil habits, or later indiscretions, have trifled away their vigor of body, mind and manhood, and suffer all those effects which lead to premature decay, consumption or insanity. If this means you, send for and read our BOOK OF LIFE, written by the greatest Specialist of the day, and sent (sealed) for 6 cents in stamps. Address Dr. Parker's Medical and Surgical Institute, 151 North Spruce St., Nashville, Tenn.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, I will my local paper take, both for my own and family's sake? If such there be, let him repent, and have the paper to him sent, and if he'd pass a happy winter, he in advance should pay the printer.—Ex.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dr. R. H. HOLLIDAY, Clinton, and J. R. SMITH, Druggist, Mount Olive, N. C.

AN ANNOYING ACCIDENT.—
Sanso: I want to buy one of those unbreakable lamp chimneys you have advertised.

Clerk: I'm very sorry, sir, but we accidently got our whole stock smashed this afternoon.—Comic Cuts.

"Though the People Elect Yet Politicians Nominate."

THESE ARE THE WORDS OF A NEW YORK POLITICIAN

Who Thinks the Party Must Take Cleveland or Hill.

HOW DOES THIS STRIKE THE SOUTH AND WEST?

Mr. Edwin Atwell, a New York journalist and politician, is in Raleigh. A reporter of the State Chronicle interviewed him. He says:

"One of the reasons why life is worth living in New York at just about this time," he continued, "is that the State claims as citizens the two most energetic and irrepressible Democratic candidates for the Presidency in this country. The struggle between Gov. Hill and Mr. Cleveland will not end until the adoption of the unit rule will probably have forced the New York delegation to the next Presidential convention to represent the Governor's name as the unanimous choice of New York State. There seems small doubt that this will be the outcome of the matchless game of politics which Governor Hill is now playing. Hill has lost no opportunity to perfect his machine politics, meanwhile Cleveland has been writing letters on the money question. New Yorkers generally agree with him. We have coin enough. But some of us would like to see it more generally distributed, and though the popular movement now seems to be against New York and New York's idea of currency, but we must remember that though the people elect yet the politicians nominate."

These last words have been in the past sadly too true. Let the people prove to the world that they are now true no longer. Let the people send their true representatives as delegates to the next National Convention and nominate a man that will represent the interests of the South and West as well as New York and New England. When shall we go to work? Now! Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

EASTER ECHOES.

OW Lent is past, we gladly pay
Our tribute unto Easter day.

The smiling mother, on whose brow
The added years rest lightly now,
Where Time, that hoary monster grand,
Reluctantly has laid his hand,
Now views with just and noble pride
Her hearthstone at this Easter tide.
Likewise the family's head now feels,

As list'ning to the Easter peals
He thinks of Easters gone before,
As if he were a boy once more,
And in the sunlight of the day
Forgets his hair is streaked with gray.
The maiden aunt thinks with a sigh
Of bonnets in the days gone by,
And, with a touch of old time zest,
Today puts on her very best.
The bachelor (whose outward crust
Is, after all, but human dust,
And brushed away by woman's eyes)
To-day the tooth of Time defies.
And togged out in the best of style
He greets his kindred with a smile.

The youth, a stranger to dull care,
With rapture views each maiden fair.
He loves to look upon the face
Where beauty claims a resting place,
And gazes with a keen delight
Upon her Easter plumage bright.
With necktie new he walks along
Beside her in the Easter throng.
He counts it joy to take a part
Where beauty shares the odds with art,
And gives no thought to future ills
When he shall have to foot her bills.
TOM MASSON.

A Rara Avis.

My Easter egg, with polka dots,
I know the girl who made you;
But P. T. Barnum would give lots
To own the hen that laid you.
—New York Sun.

THE BEST ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

When the Argonaut says anything it means just what it says. It never intentionally exaggerates or overstates anything. It is thoroughly conservative and truthful. The paper which exaggerates, lies, and the liar is a fool. When we say Eastern Carolina is the best agricultural country, all things considered, on the American continent, we state what we believe to be strictly true and capable of demonstration.—Rocky Mount Argonaut.

Jinks: You are sending your boy to Prof. Teachim's classical school, are you not?

Winks: Not now. I took him out. He was growing up a perfect ignoramus.

"He was?"

"Yes. Why, after three years at that school he didn't know any more about the United States than an editor of a London paper."—New York Weekly.

THE CAUCA[illegible]

Entered according to Postal Laws at Clinton, N. C., as second class mail matter.

CLINTON, N. C., — APRIL 2, 1891.

THE SECRET OUT.

THE IMPOSING AND IMPRESSIVE INITIATING CEREMONY OF THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE EXPOSED.

How Gordon was Made to Ride the Goat.

The editor of a Georgia paper draws on his imagination and gives the following account of the initiation of General Gordon, the Senator-elect of Georgia, into the Farmers' Alliance:

General Gordon is now a full fledged Allianceman, and will hereafter be made to toe the mark, and address Livingston, Macune and Harry Brown as "Brother." The initiation of this distinguished gentleman went through without a jostle, and was witnessed by a large and enthusiastic audience of Alliance men.

At the risk of being shot for exposing the secrets of our Order, I will give the Banner a full report of the impressive ceremony that snatched General Gordon from the clutches of politicians and made him an humble disciple of the plow.

The candidate was escorted into the ante-room of the Alliancemen by a body-guard of farmers. He manifested some nervousness when his conductors demanded that he partially disrobe and submit to the ordeal of being curried off with a corn cob and rubbed down with a bundle of fodder; the reason for this phantom agricultural bath being that it was necessary to cleanse his person from the contamnating effects of too close a connection with Atlanta politicians, Jeffersonian Democrats, independents and other unclean elements, and that he might enter the realms of agricultural bliss. He was then arrayed in a pair of copperas pants, upheld by one suspender, and a hickory shirt, wool hat and brogan shoes. The Alliance (his guide explained) was no respector of persons and every member must be on an equal footing.

Three raps were given on the lodge-room door, and sepulchral voice from within demanded:

"Who comes there?"

"A poor penitent who is groping in darkness and asks that the light of the Alliance be turned upon him," was the reply.

"Is the candidate a tiller of be soil?" was the next query from within.

"He says he has always been t he best friend the farmer of Georgia ever had," was the evasive response.

"See if there are any corns in his hand or cuckle-burrs in his hair," was the command.

"The seeker of light says he is only a farmer by proxy, and the corns are in the hands of the men who work his land," was the response.

"Does the candidate ask admittance into our Orde on his own volition, and is he prepared pass through the ordeal of initiation?"

"He does and he is," was the reply from without.

"Let the candidate then remain in darkness until his eyes are prepared to receive the great light that the Alliance will turn upon him and he can be admitted into our sacred precincts," was the next order.

The eyes of the applicant for Alliance knowledge were bandaged with a second-handed guano sack, the door of the lodge-room thrown open and Georgia's ex-Governor and Unite States Senator, for the first time in his life, found himself in the inner sanctuary of the farmer's lair. He was marched three times around the room, while the members welcomed him with—

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

With a gee and haw the candidate was escorted to the Grand Tycoon, who used as a chair of state the small end of a bale of cotton.

"Our would-be brother, your humiliating entry into this room teaches you a useful lesson. A few minutes ago you came to us reeking with the odor of the politician and arrayed in the paraphernalia of a great man. You were stripped of your fine apparels, which means that you must also leave behind in your future communications with farmers your worldly dignity, or the Alliance will strip you of your honors as easily as it did of your tailor-made garments. All men (except the nigger) are free and equal.

"The odious bandage that obscured your vision is a necessary attachment to the farm, and while it teaches an Alltanceman that he must not expect his pathway through life to be sprinkled with the ottar of roses, will be a special reminder to you of the offensive manner that you spoke of our leaders and friends daring your recent campaign. The conductor will now convey the candidate before the high and mighty hister for further instructions, while the the brethren will please sing:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

The H. and M. hister was squatting between the handles of a plow stock. Without further ado the candidate had an iron hook fastened in the seat of his pants, to which a rope was attached and thrown over a beam above. With a steady pull, by two sinewy Alliancemen, the distinguished gentleman was soon dangling in the air, with hands and feet vainly clutching at the floor.

"Now hold the candidate in that position, where he can better appreciate the beautiful lessons inculcated by the Alliance," remarked the H. and M. H. "It is needless for a partially initiated brother to longer clutch at the floor. He has already had some experience at resigning and the wisest thing he can do is to put into practice that virtue and be resigned to that position we have placed him in, and not postpone this matter until he gets to Washington again."

That hook, the High Histed explained, illustrates the firm hold the Farmers' Alliance has on mankind. Your struggles in the air show the folly of a candidate trying to regain his eqilibrium while in the mighty grasp of our Order. It also illustrates our political power to elevate or lower a man at will. Your futile clutches in the air are to show the folly of a candidate trying to reach for office through politicians. The candidate can now be released and carried before the Supreme Spanker for further enlightenment, and while he is making the circuit of the room the brothers will sing,

"On Greenland's Icy Mountains,"

As I notice that the candidate is beginning to shiver in the cold air of the room.

The Supreme Spanker sat upon a bale of hay. He ordered the bandage removed from the candidates eyes, remarking that he had perhaps progressed far enough to stand the light of the Alliance, and, besides, he was to go through another ordeal that required all of a man's faculties to endure.

The seeker after light was then led up to a barrel, and in a twinkling stretched over it.

Bring forth the sub-treasury plank, commanded the Supreme Spanker, and convince the new brother that it is not a rotten one, but made of good, sound timber. Let the High Executioner do his duty like a good and true Allianceman, while we will all sing:

'Once I was blind but now I see."

Forty time that plank rose in the air and came down with a mighty thump, before the writhing victim was released and carried before the Supreme Spanker again, to have the lesson he had just received explained. 'You have passed through one of the most beautiful and edifying chapters in the Alliance mode of initiation. You have publicly asserted that we had only one plank in our platform, and that a rotten one. I feel assured that you are now prepared to correct this statement, and assert that our sub-treasury plank is one of the soundest you have ever felt. We have several other planks, as we can prove to your entire satifaction, if so desired. Oh! you say you are satisfied! Well, be careful in the future how you speak sluringly of something you know nothing about. Now carry the candidate, Brother Conductor, for other useful lessons, and while he is on the move let the members sing—

"This is the way I long have sought,"

The great drencher had on a table before him three black feathers and a goblet half filled with what appeared to be Bourbon.

"After his long fatiguing pilgrimage our brother is doubtless in need of rest and refreshment. Place a chair that he may be seated."

This was done, but by some sleight-of-hand the candidate made a miss and was landed on the floor.

"My unfortunate brother, you have now learned the uncertainty of political campaigns. Just as a man thinks he has found a nice, comfortable seat, the Alliance slips it from beneath him, and painful indeed is his disappointment. I spoke just now of refreshments, and had prepared a nice mass of crow for you; but I now discover in your recent anxiety to explain that famous speech you made before the Alliance convention, that you have already eaten all of the subtreasury crow, except a few tail feathers. But here is a glass of Jeffersonian Democracy, according to the Epistle of the Romans, that you were so partial to short time since. This is the last of the cask and please swallow the same. Well, if you hesitate, I will have to order the Grand Executioner to show you another one of the planks in our platform. Ah, you find the liquid is encased in glass, so that it will not wet your parched lips. That my brother, is modern Jeffersonian Democracy. It is very nice to look upon, but, like Dead Sea fruit, is tasteless. This shows you that to depend on other classes than the Alliance and the organized Democracy for office and honors is to partake of a phantom political lunch.

This, my newly-made brother, ends the first degree in the Farmers' Alliance. I trust the great and beautiful truths you have seen illustrated to-day will make a lasting impression on your mind. The brethren will now join hands, and, and while the march around the new member, sing—

"Once I was lost, but now I am found."

Thus ended one of the most interesting ceremonies ever performed in our State.

It is to be regretted that every Alliance man in Georgia could not have witnessed the snatching of this distinguished brand from the fire built around it by the politicians.

A GREAT ENTERPRISE.

The Grimm Brownstone Company and Railroad.

[State Chronicle.]

Mr. Lewis Grimm, A. H. McNeill, of Moore county, and Col. R. M. Evans, of Philadelphia, were here yesterday on business connected with the Grimm Brownstone company. This company owns 3,500 acres of land and one of the largest deposits of fine brownstone quarries in the world. The incorporators of the company are: Col. John W. Hinsdale, A. W. Shaffer, of Raleigh; A. H. McNeill, Lewis Grimm, George Taylor, Judge J. D. McIver, D. A. McDonald, Jno L. Currie, of Moore; Dr. W. C. Jones, and H. B. Tilden, of High Point; Messrs. Rayburn, Evans and Bingham, of Philadelphia.

The company secured a charter from the Legislature, and the Carthage railroad will be extended through this property so that the brownstone can be easily and readily shipped.

This company has a fortune in its valuable property, and it will make Moore county blossom and grow rich.

Alliance Department.

ALLIANCE NOTES, DISCUSSIONS AND THE DOINGS OF THE VARIOUS LODGES.

[THE CAUCASIAN was adopted as the official Organ of the Sampson County Alliance at the meeting in January 19th, 1889.]

KING'S ALLIANCE No. 679.

WHEREAS, On the 8th day of March, 1891, by the decree of the Almighty God, the angel Death, who withers the roses and flowers, came into our midst and called to his eternal home our beloved brother and President, NATHAN WEEKS, be it

Resolved, That in the death of brother Weeks our Alliance has lost one of its most useful and highly esteemed members; and the church of which he was a member one of its best members.

He was a zealous member of the Baptist church, having joined the church in his youth, a true Alliance man and faithful to every duty in all the relations of life. At the time of his death he was a Justice of the Peace, a member of the School Committee, a Deacon of Piney Grove Baptist Church and President of King's Alliance. No man in his community held a higher place in the confidence and esteem of his neighbors. Let us forget his faults, emulate his virtue and cherish his memory.

Resolved, That we hereby extend to the bereaved wife and his mother our sincere sympathy and pray that the blessings of God and the comforting influence of His holy spirit and goodness may be with them and sustain them in this time of their deepest sorrow and grief.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to THE CAUCASIAN with the request that the same be published.

HENRY HERRING,
J. E. BOYETTE,
JAMES W. KING, } Com.

Mr. W. S. Barnes, of Wilson, has been elected State Secretary of the Farmers' Alliance, vice Mr. E. C. Beddingfield, resigned.

Italy has withdrawn her Minister rrom Washington. Does this mean war?

Mr. W. G. Ricaud has been elected Mayor of Wilmington.

Folk-Lore and Folk-Cure.

Some of the scientists who make a specialty of folk-lore have lately been making inquiries about the malady which the country people called spring fever. It is a genuine malady, though more disagreeable than serious. Yet it should be taken note of. While the scientist are inquiring about the tone of the malady, those who are suffering the lassitude, nervousness and melancholia, that are its symptoms, should run the disease out of their systems by means of that more subtle scientist and folk-curest—S. S. S. This is particularly necessary, since spring fever leaves the system in such a condition that it succumbs readily to diseases that are more dangerous and less easily controlled. S. S. S. is a preventive as well as a remedy.

OPIUM and Whiskey Habits cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D. Atlanta, Ga. Office 1014 Whitehall St.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.,
181 Pearl st., New York.

"How to Cure all Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S Ointment.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Atlantic & N. C. Railroad.

TIME TABLE 19.

To take effect 6 a. m., Wednesday, May 28th, 1890.

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	1 Mixed Frt. and Passenger. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.		51 Passenger. DAILY, Except Sunday.	
	Ar.	Lv.	Ar.	Lv.
	A. M.	A. M.	P M	P M
Goldsboro,		6 30		3 30
Best's,	6 57	7 05	3 53	3 56
La Grange,	7 20	7 30	4 06	4 03
Falling Creek,	7 48	7 53	4 21	4 20
Kinston,	8 11	8 30	4 35	4 45
Caswell,	8 50	8 55	4 55	4 55
Dover,	9 15	10 02	5 05	5 09
Core Creek,	10 31	10 36	5 19	5 15
Tuscarora,	11 00	11 05	5 31	5 31
Clark's,	11 17	11 41	5 41	5 48
Newberne,	12 15	3 00	6 00	6 09
Riverdale,	3 37	3 42	6 39	6 34
Croatan.	3 48	3 50	6 44	6 46
Havelock,	4 08	4 18	6 56	6 56
Newport,	4 37	4 42	7 13	7 14
Wildwood,	4 51	4 55	7 24	7 28
Atlantic,	5 01	5 01	7 28	7 23
Morehead C'y,	5 16	5 21	7 38	7 40
Atlantic Hotel,	5 23	5 28	7 45	7 59
Morehead Dp't	5 31		7 53	
	P. M.	P. M.	P M	P M

GOING WEST. 2

STATIONS.	50 Passenger. ILY. Except Sunday.		Mixed Frt. and Passenger. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.	
	Ar.	Lv.	Ar.	Lv.
	A. M.	A. M.	P M	P M
Morehead Dp't		6 45		6 00
Atlantic Hotel,	6 48	7 00	6 05	6 15
Morehead C'y;	7 02	7 07	6 17	6 27
Atlantic,	7 18	7 18	6 47	6 52
Wildwood,	7 23	7 23	7 00	7 05
Newport,	7 30	7 33	7 17	7 34
Havelock,	7 51	7 53	8 00	8 10
Croatan;	8 07	8 07	8 28	8 33
Riverdale,	8 12	8 12	8 41	8 45
Newberne,	8 37	8 50	9 22	1 30
Clark's,	9 08	9 08	2 02	2 12
Tuscarora,	9 18	9 18	2 24	2 30
Core Creek,	9 32	9 32	2 54	3 00
Dover,	9 48	9 48	3 25	3 49
Caswell,	9 59	9 59	4 00	4 05
Kinston,	10 08	10 13	4 25	5 00
Falling Creek,	10 26	10 26	5 24	5 30
La Grange,	10 42	10 45	5 54	6 04
Best's,	10 56	11 00	6 24	6 34
Goldsboro,	11 30		7 20	
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M	A M

Train 50 connects with Wilmington & Weldon train bound North, leaving Goldsboro 11:50 a. m., and with Richmond & Danville train West, leaving Goldsboro 2:40 p. m.

Train 51 connects with Richmond & Danville train, arriving at Goldsboro 2:55 p. m., and with Wilmington & Weldon train from the North, at 3 10 p. m.

Train 2 connects with Wilmington & Weldon through freight train, North bound, leaving Golasboro at 9:50 p. m.

S. L. DILL,
Superintendent.

WHEN YOU GO

To Goldsboro be sure to stop at the

GREGORY-ARLINGTON HOTELS.

Good fare, attentive servants and large comfortable rooms.

When you get off the train "Isaac" (everybody knows Isaac) will be there. Give him your baggage and go with him.

WILL HUNTER,
oct16-tf Proprietor.

W. D. DAWSON.
Tonsorial Artist,
MOUNT OLIVE, N. C.
Hair Cutting and Shaving executed in latest styles. Give me a trial.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

A-TEEN 100 & 90 WON.

—:o:—

FRANK THORNTON

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

A Magnificent and Magnificent Array of

NEW SPRING GOODS
NEW SPRING GOODS
NEW SPRING GOODS.

Sometimes I have congratulated myself on the selections of fashionable fabrics, but not until this season have I had such a prolific source of congratulations, for after an extended tour to all of the leading cities North and East, from which I have just returned, I have no hesitancy in stating that I now exhibit the most perfect assortment of Dry Goods to thoroughly equip a strictly first-class Establishment, ever shown from our Western mountains to our eastern seashore. Some of the new styles are startling in beauty, unique in design, and novelties of the highest and most perfect grades. If we cannot suit you in this brilliant constellation of high-grade novelties, it would seem to us that the life and work of a Dry Good merchant was a failure.

Although it looks like an almost hopeless task, yet we endeavor to give you some faint idea of what is most likely to be interesting to you. Full lines in

NOVELTIES,

in soft Wool Fabrics, showing ing new ideas of designs and colorings—St. Bernard Serges and Tinted Cheviots, interwoven with long combed Wool and Camel's Hair in a variety of rough effects. Tweeds, Homespuns and other Scotch Dress Goods in increased varities.

Fancy combinations in Plaid Flannels, Serge and Henriettas.

All new shades in Henriettas and Serges.

Embroidered Dress Patterns, all prices.

Brittany Plaids.

De Berge, in Blue, Brown and Grey.

New shades in Broad-Cloths.

New styles in Challies.

Figured Mulls.

Figured and solid Satins.

Novelty Suitings.

French Zephyrs, in striped, figured and plain.

Outings.

Scotch Ginghams.

Black Dress Goods of every description. Complete lines.

Grenadines and Gloria Silks, all grades.

China Silks. A big bargain in these.

Black and Colored Faille Silks.

Trimmings to match everything.

The largest line ever exhibited in the city.

PERCALES.

White and Colored Embroideries.

Flouncings in white black and colors.

Veilings, Laces, Gloves and Hosiery.

Thompson's Glove-fitting Corsets, in all sizes, for which we are sole agents. Stock always complete.

Lace Curtains.

Screens.

Floor Oil Cloths, Mattings and Carpetings.

In these goods we now have in store the most complete assortment of everything new and fresh, many new styles and fine effects.

We take pleasure in forwarding samples of Floor Coverings when it is not convenient for parties to visit our store. This advertisement would be incomplete without directing attention to our immense stock of

ZIEGLER BROS.' SHOES

for Ladies, Gentlemen, Misses and Children in all the new and accepted styles in lace and button, and for which I am the sole agent in Fayetteville, and the genuine article cannot be procured any where else in the city.

Our Sample and Mail Order Department

is still in full force, and a postal card dropped to us, with request for samples, will have prompt and careful attention.

Thankful to the fullest extent at the very liberal and flattering patronage bestowed on me, I trust that my future efforts will merit an increased encouragement.

FRANK THORNTON,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
oct-30, tf.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SPRING # 1891.

FIRST ARRIVAL

—:o:—

NEW SPRING GOODS

—:AT THE:—

DRY-GOODS EMPORIUM

—:o:—

WILLIAM A. JOHNSON.

New Dress Goods and Trimmings; New Ginghams and Zephyrs; White Goods and Embroideries. Many Novelties in Foreign and Domestic Makes.

New Stock of Shoes!

You are cordially invited to call and examine them.

Respectfully,
WM. A. JOHNSON,
CLINTON, N. C.

THE LATEST VERY STYLES

"THE BRILLIANT."

I am just back from New York and prepared now to show my friends and customers the very latest styles and novelties in every class of

MILLINERY!

My stock of Dress Goods and Lady Furnishings has never been surpassed in Clinton.

I am still headquarters for

Shoes and Slippers,

Of every description.

NOTICE THIS SPECIAL.—I have a few pairs of Ladies' Shoes, bought at a bargain, which I am offering at $1.75, guaranteed to wear with a $2.50 shoe.

W. S. PARTRICK.

ALLIANCE HEADQUARTERS.

We extend an invitation to all members of the Alliance to call and see us and make this their stopping place while in Clinton. A big reduction in Flour.

Provisions, Farm Supplies and the Necessities of Life furnished at the LOWEST RATES!

G. A. Clute,
Manager.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

BY VIRTUE OF A POWER of sale, contained in a certain mortgage deed, made by G. W. West and Mary Francis West to Young Bros., which has been duly recorded in book No. 72, page 78, records of Sampson county, N. C., I will, on Monday, March the 31st, 1891, at 12 M., at the courthouse door in Clinton, N. C., sell for cash, at public auction, a certain tract of land in Sampson county, known as G. W. West's land, containing 63 acres, more or less. For further description see records of Sampson county.

YOUNG BROS.,
Mortgagees.

This Feb. 18, 1891.—mch5-4t

NOTICE OF SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE of the Superior Court of Sampson county, made at February term, 1891, in case of H. K. Bennett and others against J. D. Kerr and others, the undersigned, as commissioner, of said court, will sell to the highest bidder at the courthouse door in Clinton, N. C., on the 6th day of April, 1891, three certain tracts of land, described as follows:

One tract in South Clinton township, adjoining the lands of G. W. Jones, M. M. Killett Allen Williamson and others, containing 90 acres, more or less.

2nd tract in same township, adjoining the lands of G. W. Jones, Stephen Boon, the Carters land and others, containing 49 acres.

3rd tract, in Mingo township, in the fork of Peter Lee's mill branch, adjoining the Hudson & Draughon lands and containing 64 acres, more or less.

TERMS OF SALE.—20 per cent. cash; balance, one half in six months and one half in twelve months, with 8 per cent interest from day of sale. Title reserved. J. S. BIZZELL, Com.

This March 4th, 1891.—tds

NOTICE!

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE of the Superior Court of Sampson county, directed to me, I, as guardian of Hardy W. MaGee and as commissioner appointed by the court, will sell on Monday, 6th day of April, 1891, at the hour of twelve, at the court house door in the town of Clinton, to the highest bidder, the following described land, situated in Sampson county, N. C., belonging to the said MaGee, and known as part of the MaGee land, to-wit: Beginning at a stake on the run of Beverdam swamp and runs south 55 west, 68 poles, to a stake; then south 30, west 118 poles to a stake on the old line; then that line north 57, west 17 poles to a stake, the old corner; then about north 10, east 24 poles to the run of a small branch, down said branch 15 poles to the run of Beaverdam swamp as it meanders to the beginning, containing 104 acres, more on less.

TERMS OF SALE—Twenty per cent. of the purchase money cash, balance upon six months credit, with note and approved security. Title reserved till purchase money is paid.

REDIN MCKENZIE,
Guardian and Commissioner.
J. C. SLOCUMB, Attorney.
March 5th, 1891.—12-tds

NOTICE.

NORTH CAROLINA.—SAMPSON COUNTY.

C. B. Wrench, adm'r of E. F. Jackson, vs. Joel Jackson and others, heirs at law of E. F. Jackson. } Before the Clerk.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the court that Joel Jackson, one of the defendants in the above entitled cause, is a non-resident of this State notice is hereby given to him to appear at the office of the clerk of the Superior Court of Sampson county, on the 23rd day of April, 1891, to answer or demur to the petition of the said E. B. Wrench, administrator, the same being a petition to sell the lands of E. F. Jackson, deceased, to make assetts for the payments of debts, and let the said Joel Jackson take notice that if he shall fail so to appear and make defense the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief sought in said petition.

J. S. BIZZELL, C. S. C.
This the 6th day of March, '91.-6w

HOLLIDAY'S
DRUG STORE!

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE!"

Don't wait to get sick, but when you begin to feel bad come and get a dose of medicine and prevent sickness. This is the proper use of medicine. If you will do this you will scarcely ever have a doctor's bill to pay or lose months of time, and put your friends and relatives to such a deal of trouble.

In addition to my complete line of pure and reliable Drugs, I carry Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, B. B. B., the S. S. S., Quinine in small and large quantities; Simmon's Liver Regulator, Famous Specific Orange Blossom, Cuticura Remedies, Dr. Pierces Favorite Prescription, the Golden Medical Discovery, Horse and Cattle Powder (1 pound packages prepared by the Herb Co. of W. Va. Quaker brand.)

Prescriptions carefully compounded. Local and office practice upon request. Respectfully,

aug1—tf DR. R. H. HOLLIDAY

$20 Favorite Singer Sewing Machine.

HIGH ARM $25.00.

Each Machine has a drop leaf, fancy cover, two large drawers, with nickel rings, and a full set of Attachments, equal to any Singer Machine sold from $40 to $60 by Canvassers. A trial in your home before payment is asked. Buy direct of the Manufacturers and save agents' profits besides getting certificates of warrantee for five years. Send for testimonials to the Co-operative Sewing Machine Co., 269 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

NO WE PAY FREIGHT.

THE CAUCASIAN.

CLINTON, N. C., — APRIL 2, 1891.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

How to Advertise.

We do not wish large advertisements, but a number of small ones for a year. It is not SIZE but TIME that we prefer.

RATES.

ADVERTISING:

1 inch	1 week,	75 ¢	col. (6 in.)	1 wk,	$ 3.50
1 "	1 mo.,	$ 1.50	" "	1 mo.,	$ 7.00
1 "	1 yr.,	$10.00	" "	1 yr.,	$35.00
2 "	1 wk.,	$ 2.00	" "	1 wk.,	$ 6.00
2 "	1 mo.,	$ 4.00	" "	1 mo.,	$11.00
3 "	1 yr.,	$20.00	" "	1 yr.,	$65.00
1 col.	1 week,	$ 9.00			
1 "	1 mo.,	$15.00	An extra charge is		
1 "	1 yr,	$120.00	made for position.		

SUBSCRIPTION:

One year, - - - - -	$1 50
Six months, - - - - -	75
Four months, - - - - -	50

Wants, Business Locals, Reading Notices, Cards, etc., will be inserted at ten cents per line (six words) for first insertion and at five cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Obituaries published free if not more than ten lines, (sixty words); five cents for each additional line (six words each). This charge is made, as you will see, simply as a check on length.

Communications discussing the topics of the day, if to the point and briefly expressed will be published in column headed "A Forum of Public Opinion."

Communications containing strictly News Items will always be welcomed and published with pleasure. By sending such news items frequently you will help both your community and the paper.

When you wish your address changed, give old as well as new office.

Address all communications and business letters to

THE CAUCASIAN, Clinton, N. C.

Matters of a private nature should be marked "Personal" and addressed to

MARION BUTLER,
Clinton, N. C.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

☞ "Wants" and Business Notices can be inserted in this column at ten cents a line.

Mr. Editor: Ask twenty Clinton ladies in succession what plaster they consider the most strengthening, the most soothing, the most healing, and in all respects the most desirable, and nineteen of them will promptly answer, LEE'S BACKACHE PLASTER.
oc 9-1y.

Read M. M. Killett's advertisement of Sweet Potatoe Slips—a popular variety for truckers.

There will be sold in Clinton on the 4th day of April, 1891, eight nice lots, suitable for stores or offices, opposite A. F. Johnson & Co's store.

SWEET POTATOES.

A POPULAR VARIETY FOR TRUCKERS.

I have and will sell one hundred bushels of Sweet Potatoe Slips. This is the "Yellow Bark" Potatoe that sells best in the Northern Market. This Potatoe is better than the famous "Jersey Red" Potatoe, and these two varieties are now in the greatest demand in the markets of Philadelphia and New York. I will sell these at 75 cents per bushel at my farm. M. M. KILLETT,
ap 2—1t Near Clinton.

BACK FROM THE NORTH.

Clothing, Hats and Shoes coming in. We are opening them every day. I pleased myself in my purchases and I am sure I will please you. Come in and see the latest.

M. HANSTEIN.

Remember that T. M. Ferrell's is headquarters for Tobacco and Snuff.

I want to buy all your Eggs, Hides, Wool, Feathers, Wax, &c.

B. F. POWELL.

Plows, Castings and all kinds of Farming Utensils, at T. H. Partrick's Hardware store (old stand of J. A. Ferrell.)

Do you want a good, cheap Watch, call on D. J. Rogers, with

T. M. FERRELL.

Pine Apples, Oranges, Apples, Bananas and Cocoanuts, for sale at

C. P. JOHNSON'S.

Crockery, Glassware, Tin Ware at T. H. Partrick's Hardware store.

Meal and Rice just received at

T. M. FERRELL'S.

Transient Boarders wanted from 60 cents to $1.00 per day.
mh5—tf J. T. GREGORY.

A new line of Prints, Ginghams, Dress Goods, Cottonades, Sheetings, &c., just received at

T. M. FERRELL'S.

More of that good, cheap Flour just received at T. M. Ferrell's and at the same price.

Straw Hats from 10 to 75 cents; Wool Hats from 25 cents to $2.50. Pants Cloth from 12½ to 85 cents. Jewelry and Spectacles a specialty.

B. F. POWELL.

Just received thirty-five boxes of good Tobacco at 25 cents per pound at C. P. JOHNSON'S.

Another lot of that lovely Jewelry and beautiful Beads just received at T. M. FERRELL'S.

For Carpenter's Tools, Builders' Material and all kinds of Hardware, go to T. H. PARTRICK'S.

TRUCKERS! You can't afford to waste your time and money by planting cheap and inferior seed. So leave your orders with A. F. Johnson & Co. for Landreth & Sons' guaranteed Seed Beans and Early Rose Potatoes.

The cheapest Matches you ever bought at T. M. Ferrell's Call and price them.

Onion Sets and Irish Potatoes at C. P JOHNSON'S. Potatoes at 45 cents per peck.

Capt. W. A. Johnson has been on the cotton market since the departure of Mr. French McQueen buying for Messrs. Williams & Murchison, of Wilmington. He will pay you the highest market price for your cotton.

RACKET STORE.

Look out for our advertisement next week. Don't miss reading it. If you do you will lose money, and remember our ladies' Spring and Summer Hats are all new and the very latest style. Just think of it. We sell them nicely trimmed from 35 cents up to any price you wish to give.

MRS. MARY E. PETERSON & CO

Index to New Advertisements.

I Am Back.—M. Hanstein.
A-Teen 100 and 90 Won.—Frank Thornton.
New Millinery Goods.—Miss Annie Giddens.

LOCALS.

—We are sorry to learn that Mrs. C. Partrick is quite ill.

—Have you had the grippe and the measles? Then you are not fashionable.

—The man who takes the ad. out of the newspaper takes the add out of his cash box.

—Capt. Wm. A. Johnson is fitting up a handsome apartment in his store for the offices of the Cashier and President of the Bank.

—Asparagus, turnips and reddishes are being shipped in good quantities to the Northern markets. Capt. Partrick has been shipping asparagus for over two weeks.

—It continues to weather. The excessive rains are greatly retarding from work. The streams are very high and even the most farm upland is too wet to plow.

—The Wilmington Presbytery convenes to-day with the church at Black River Chapel, in Franklin township. Dr. B. F. Marable leaves to-day to attend it.

—We are sorry to learn that our esteemed townsman and popular physician, Dr. A. M. Lee, continues ill. The ill as well as the well are anxious for his recovery.

—Clinton Lodge 124, I. O. O. F., will celebrate the seventy-second anniversary of American Odd-Fellowship on Monday night, April 27th, in Atkins' Hall. The public are invited.

—Rev. R. H. Whitaker, editor of "The Spirit of the Age," preached at the Methodist church Sunday night from the text "The battle is not ours but God's." It was a good sermon.

Rev. A. L. Philipps, of Birmingham, Ala., is in town visiting at Capt. Wm. A. Johnson's. He delivered an interesting lecture in the Presbyterian church last night on the negro question.

—We have been asked several times about the limit to turpentine leases as fixed in the bill passed by the last Legislature. We haven't a copy of the bill by us, but if our memory serves us right, it is April the first.

"Will the Governor call a special session of the Legislature as some of the people and papers are saying?" is a question we have been asked several times. No, he will not, for there is no occasion for it. Let us simply be quiet and easy while the Jack-o'lantern gass escapes from those who work themselves into a fury to butt a red shirt scare-crow.

—Never do poor advertising; never let any one else do poor advertising for you. Poor work never pays. Write bright and striking advertisements and change the wording often. It is true that this will be more trouble to the editor but it will pay you and him too in the long run. Have something interesting to say to your customers often.

—Enormous quantities of guano are being delivered here. There has been probably a thousand tons so far. Will our people be able to pay for it from their profits. From the large amount used we fear that it is being bought to take the place of home-made manures. This is a mistake. Guano if used at all should be only to supplement the compost heap. Guano alone will not pay on old or sandy land that contains but little organic matter.

—Do you tell us, oh, candidate, for the custom of the community, that you can't afford to advertise because your business is dull? Listen! it is dull because you don't advertise, and you don't advertise because it is dull, so the vacant circle is complete. We tell you if you are doing ill to advertise that you may do well, and if you are doing well advertise that you may do better. Set high your work of business success and advertise upon it.—Prentice.

—This community has suffered a great loss in the death of Mr. Julian A. Killett. He died on last Thursday, suffering with his third stroke of paralysis. The funeral took place on Friday at the family burying grounds. The body was interred with the impressive and appropriate funeral service of the Farmers' Alliance. Col. Jno. R. Beaman, President of Clinton Lodge, (of which Mr. Killett was a member) officiated. There was an unusually large crowd present, showing the high esteem in which he was held in the community.

—A Sampson correspondent of the Wilmington Messenger says:

Cannot something be done to make the trains on the Atlantic Coast Line run nearer on time? Half the time for two or three weeks we have not been getting or Wilmington mail till night.

That correspondent should be careful how he dares to take the name of a railroad in VAIN. For the wise seres say that the track is to be taken up if the folks don't keep their mouths shut. But we forgot, the Railroad Commission went into effect yesterday and the people are no longer subject to the caprice of railroads, so talk on, Mr. Correspondent, as much as you please when your cause is so just.

—The Argonaut in advocating the establishment of small industries in its town says:

"We think the value and importance of the small industries are not sufficiently appreciated. When we think of manufacturing enterprises, we are not disposed to consider anything under a hundred thousand dollar plant. The fact is, that the smaller industries do more in proportion to the capital invested, to build up a town, than the larger ones. It is well known that scores of New England towns have been built up and made prosperous through the establishment of small manufactories. There are hundreds of small industries which require but little capital and yet, in the aggregate, employ many hands and turn loose a large amount of money. There are many of these industries which could be advantageously established here, and would be if proper effort were made."

The Negro—Our Religious Duty Toward Him.

Rev. A. L. Phillips in his lecture last night on "The Negro and Our Religious Duty Toward Him" said that we must look upon the negro as a fixed element and an increasing quantity among us. He will never be colonized and he has increased from 4,000,000 to 7,000,000 in twenty-five years. We must banish the social equality bug bear and not consider political expediency, the only question is what is our duty toward him as christian people. The negro is ignorant, ambitious and autocratic, the negro preachers have a wonderful effect over them. Two-thirds of these preachers, by the admission of their own race, are not fit morally or intellectually to preach But the great bulk of the negroes can't read and the negro preacher is the only messenger from God to them. Then is it not our duty to educate and elevate these negro preachers? This is what the Presbyterians are trying to do in a Theological Seminary which they had established for negroes. But we need twice as much money. You gave five cents apiece last year, can't you give ten this year?

For Thirty Days Only.

For the next thirty days, in order to put THE WEEKLY STATE CHRONICLE within the reach of every thoughtful Democrat in the State, I will agree to send it to any address for one year for One Dollar, cash in advance. I intend to publish all the news in condensed form; to give a bird's eye view of the political situation in every State and county; to have communications from the best writers in the State upon current topics; to give a solid page of editorial comment upon public questions, and to give the fullest summary of industrial progress in the State. Improvements will be made which will make THE CHRONICLE a valuable and interesting visitor to every family in the State.

Sample copies will be sent free on application. Subscribe to your local paper first, and then send $1 for THE CHRONICLE, which is a live State paper, one year; 75 cents for six months. Address the editor,

JOSEPHUS DANIELS,
Raleigh, N. C.

Shakespearian Club.

The last meeting of the Club on last Monday was unusually instructive. The papers of Mr. Bethune on Macbeth and of Miss Sparks on King Duncan were very fine. The next meeting will be at Dr. A. M. Lee's on Friday, April 10th. The programme will be as follows:

Play—Taming of the Shrew.
Petruches—Mr. F. R. Cooper.
Katharine—Miss Maria Marable.
History of Play—Mr. M. Butler.
Bianca—Miss Mittie Beaman.
Baptista—Mr. J. C. Slocumb.
Quotations—Mr. D. M. Partrick,
A selection—Miss Phi Williams.

Executive Committee of Sampson County Fair for 1891.

Col. C. A. Powell, Messrs. Everett Peterson, H. E. Faison, Marion Butler, K. M. Crumpler, B. F. Boykin, Dr. R. H. Holliday, E. W. Kerr, C. H. Williams, Frank Parker, R. B. Smith, John Underwood, A. R. Herring, J. G. Kenan, O. P. Middleton, R. F. Herring, W. A. Faison. The members of the Society and the Committee will meet in Clinton Friday, the 3rd day of April.

W. K. PIGFORD, President.

Those Who Have Gone to Heaven—Those Who May Go

The man who could run a newspaper to suit everybody went to heaven long ago.—Cumming (Ga.) Clarion.

But hell still yawns for the numerous individual who thinks he can run a newspaper just that way.—St. Joseph News.

Neuralgic Persons

And those troubled with nervousness resulting from care or overwork will be relieved by taking

Brown's Iron Bitters. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

All Through Sampson.

What Sampsonians are Doing and Saying.

☞Send us the news from your township for this column. Every subscriber to this paper has a right and is requested to contribute items of news in "hes" neighborhood for this column. We will not publish your name unless you desire it.☜

HONEYCUTTS.

Mr. Gabriel Owens has a collard in his garden that measures seven feet and five inches.

TAYLOR'S BRIDGE.

Married, on the 22d ult., Mr. John Balcum, of Lisbon, to Miss Mary J. Johnson, of Taylor's Bridge. It was a merry occasion and we hope a fair specimen of their united career.

Adolphus Shaw, infant son of Mr. J. E. Spearman, died on the 31st ult. of catarrhal fever. He was a bright and promising child and the bereaved parents have our sympathies in their affliction.

LITTLE COHARIE.

The farmers of this section are all very busy preparing their land for planting, some have already planted corn, but we fear that the continual wet weather will cause them to have their work to do over.

There is more guano being bought by the farmers this year than usual; it seems that they cannot learn to farm without it.

Well, Mr. Editor, this writer is a farm boy and believes in encouraging farming, and he must note the improvements he saw while passing through "Old Smokeville," and especially that of Mr. Sampson Faircloth. There we see more improvement for '91 than there has been for the past three years. He has a new fence from the bottom up and is ready for farming.

Misses Mattie, Ruthe and Daisy Jackson, of Autryville, have been visiting at Dr. F. J. Cooper.

Miss Mollie J. Faison is visiting relatives in Cumberland.

We are sorry to say that Mr. Barton Bullard has been very sick for the past week. PLUG.

LISBON.

Mr. W. T. Newell of Wilmington, is visiting relatives near Clear Run.

Mrs. J. O. Herring has been very ill, but is better now.

Miss Hattie Durant, who has been visiting relatives near Clear Run, has left to visit her brother in Pender county. B.

South River Union.

(Special Correspondent.)

The South River Union met with the church at Union Grove, Sampson county, Friday, March 27th, and was in session three days. The Introductory Sermon was preached by Rev. W. R. Johnson. Seventeen churches were represented.

The following ministers were present: Rev. W. R. Johnson, J. O. Tew, W. M. Page, F. R. Underwood and S. C. Page.

The churches were very liberal in their contributions for Missions. Seventy-one dollars were paid the Missionaries who preach at Oliver's Grove, Trinity, Royal's Chapel and Roseboro. Rev. W. R. Johnson, Missionary at Roseboro, stated that the brethren and friends at Roseboro, had subscribed one hundred and sixty-two dollars for building a house of worship at that place, and made an appeal to the Union for aid, to which appeal there was a response in cash and subscriptions.

The Executive Board adopted a resolution endorsing the efforts to build at Roseboro and commended the object to the liberality of the brethren in the State.

Several queries relating to the principles and practices of the Baptists were discussed.

The Union agreed to devote one meeting in the year to a Sunday School Convention. The next meeting will be held at Salem, Sampson county in May, when the Sunday School Convention will organize and discuss the following subjects:

1st. What is Your Work? F. R. Underwood.

2nd. What Should Be Taught in Sunday Schools? J. L. Autry.

3rd. Qualifications of Superintendents. D. W. Williams.

4th. Qualifications of Teachers. J. O. Tew.

Rev. F. R. Underwood preached on Saturday.

On Sunday morning a Sunday School Mass Meeting was held, and excellent addresses made by Capt. J. L. Autry, C. M. Hall and Rev. F. R. Underwood.

At 11 o'clock the Missionary Sermon was preached by Rev. J. O. Tew. Collections made for missions. The congregation was very large, the house being full, and as many outside as inside.

I cannot close this article without referring to the liberality and hospitality of the people of this church and community. This church is one of the most benevolent and liberal in the Association. This community has always been noted for the hospitality and industry of its inhabitants. In this meeting the hospitality was exhibited in a large degree by all opening their doors to the delegates and visitors and in the amount of provisions carried to the church to feed the large congregation present every day.

VISITOR.

A Pleasing Sense

Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50 cents and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

Personals.

Mr. M. L. Lee, of Goldsboro, is in town on business.

Miss Florence and Frankie Faison are visiting at Mr. A. F. Johnson's.

Mr. French McQueen is back on the cotton market during the absence of Capt. Wm. A. Johnson.

Mr. J. E. Royal left yesterday for Baltimore and New York, where he will buy his Spring stock of goods.

Miss Annie Giddens left Monday for New York, where she will purchase a large stock of millinery goods.

Mr. M. Hanstein and family returned Tuesday from the North, where he bought his Spring stock of Clothing, Hats and Shoes. Mrs. Hanstein and children have been spending several weeks at Atlantic City.

YOUR ATTENTION IS CALLED

In This Issue to What the Following Parties Have to Say to the Public.

Frank Thornton, who has probably the finest store and does the largest wholesale and retail business in the State, in his advertisement "A-Teen 100 & 90 Won," has something of interest and profit to say to his customers.

Miss Annie Giddens will open a Millinery Department in the neat quarters next to Wm. A. Johnson's.

Mr. W. S. Partrick has "The Very Latest Styles of Millinery," Dress Goods, Shoes, Slippers, etc., displayed in his handsome store and will serve his customers to their satisfaction and delight.

Mr. M. Hanstein is back from the North with his Spring and Summer Goods.

His State of Mind.

Dashaway—When the contribution box was passed this morning I suddenly found that I had nothing but a five dollar bill. Of course as it was Easter, and I had been fasting for forty days, I felt obliged to drop it in.

Miss Summit—How noble of you! And now, how do you feel about it?

Dashaway—I feel as if I shall probably have to fast for forty days more.

Scrambled Eggs.

Every person must have some part of his clothing new on Easter day, or he will have no good fortune during the year. That has been settled from time immemorial. Thus an old Dorsetshire poet says:

Laste Easter I put on my blue
Frock coaat, the fust time, fier new;
Wi' yaller buttons sal o' brass,
That glittered in the zun lik glass;
Beknise 'twer Easter Sunday.

In the Nature of a Surprise.

Mrs. Kingley—You know what lovely music they have at St. Ann's? Well, they have invited me to join the choir on Easter in place of the blonde alto.

Mrs. Bingo—Indeed! I had no idea they were trying to reduce expenses.

An Easter Carol.

She has bought an Easter bonnet—
It is pretty as a sonnet—
With some flowers and some ribbons and a bit of lace upon it.
And in order all may know it,
She will go to church to show it.
You may see her witching face in smiles this morning just below it.

When to church her way she's wended,
If her hat appears most splendid,
Then she'll quite adore the sermon, and be sorry when it's ended.
But if not her pretty forehead
Will with angry frowns be florid,
And the sermon will be stupid, crude, abominable and horrid.

—Selected.

IN MEMORIAM.

First ten lines free, 5 cents (half of advertising rates) for each subsequent line, counting 6 words to the line.

JULIAN A. KILLETT.

Died, on last Thursday, March the 26th, Mr. Julian A. Killett. About three years ago he had a slight stroke of paralysis; about a year ago he suffered quite a severe stroke, but recovered; two weeks ago he was stricken again with a severer stroke of paralysis and time fatally. He was 45 years of age, served in the Confederate army, was a consistent member of the Methodist E. Church. He never married, but all the devotion of his large heart went out to his aged mother, who lived with him.

In his death the community loses one of its best and most useful citizens. He will not only be greatly missed as a good neighbor and energetic citizen of the community, but as a kind benefactor to the poor and needy around him. There are so few such men that his death means vastly more than the loss of a man.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles!

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumor. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents.

DR. SWAYNE & SON,
feb21—6m Philadelphia.

EASTER EGG CUSTOMS.

The chief emblem of Easter is the egg. Many opinions as to how it came to be a symbol of the day are current, but most think it is because the egg is the symbol of life, on the principle of omnia ex ovo, and hence of the resurrection.

Eggs were held by the Egyptians as a sacred emblem of the renovation of mankind after the deluge. The Jews adopted the egg to suit the circumstances or their history as a type of their departure

PICKING EGGS.

from the land of Egypt, and it was used in the feast of the passover as part of the furniture of the table with the paschal lamb.

The custom of dyeing eggs at Eastertide dates back to the Fourth century of the Christian church. The Romish church at that era prohibited the eating of eggs during Lent. The store of eggs which accumulated was counted the property of the children, and to enhance the value of the eggs in their estimation they were dyed with brilliant colors and gayly ornamented.

Here is the right way to boil Easter eggs: Boil fresh, clean, white eggs at least ten minutes. Add a little dissolved dye, any color wanted, and a teaspoonful of strong vinegar to a pint of water. Then put in the eggs, and let them remain until the desired shade is obtained. The eggs may be eaten with safety after being colored. Eggs can be colored red by dissolving a little redwood, cochineal or carmine in the water in which they are boiled. Let them remain in the water some time. When done wipe them with a flannel slightly oiled. Spinach water will make the eggs light green; saffron, yellow.

The patterns of any print may be transferred to the egg by sewing it up in a piece of the calico, the right side next the egg, and boiling the egg for about ten minutes in water in which a tablespoonful of soda has been dissolved.

Generally it will be found best in decorating eggs to "blow" them instead of boiling. Pierce each egg with a darning needle and blow out the contents. Then the shell is ready for decoration, and may be painted in water colors or sepia.

The street gamin does not lose his share of Easter joy, though he goes to no church and has no new clothes to wear. Eggs are cheapest at Easter, and the little fellows gamble with a game that is called "picking eggs." Each boy looks for the strongest egg, testing it by tapping the end against his teeth. The sound tells whether the egg is strong or not. When the particular young purchaser is suited with the strength of his egg he finds some boy with whom to "pick." The sharp end of the egg is the "pint," the round end the "butt." The pints are struck, the boy who proposes the game striking first. The other boy holds his thumb and forefinger around the top of his egg, so it can be struck only on the "pint." The striker keeps up his blows until one egg is cracked. Then he holds up the "butt" of his egg, and the other boy strikes it until one of those is cracked. The boy who succeeds in breaking the other's egg at both ends wins the broken egg. He can sell all he wins for a cent apiece at home or in the stores, where there is always a brisk trade for cracked eggs.

The egg rolling in the White House grounds each Easter Monday is a scene not reproduced anywhere else in the United States. The grounds are thrown open to the public, and parents and nurses with children of all ages come in the morning. They carry baskets of lunch and others filled with gayly colored eggs, which are to be rolled down the grassy slopes on which the children play, or "picked" as the street gamins do fresh ones. Thousands of children fill the grounds and play with eggs under the

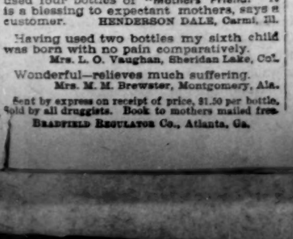
EGG ROLLING AT WASHINGTON.

trees until they get hungry and eat the hard boiled ovals with their lunches, with regular picnic appetites. The big band plays in the afternoon, and the visiting thousands are delighted with a sight of the presidential family, who show themselves on the piazza with their friends. Of course the little White House children are chief objects of interest.

Behind the Times.

Nancy (to her cousin from the city)—Can you climb trees?

Maud (first visit to the country, in pained surprise)—Haven't you an elevator?—Puck.



WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

"Mothers' Friend," is worth its weight in gold. My wife suffered more in ten minutes with either of her other children than she did altogether with her last, after having used four bottles of "Mothers' Friend." It is a blessing to expectant mothers, says a customer. HENDERSON DALE, Carmi, Ill.

Having used two bottles my sixth child was born with no pain comparatively. Mrs. L. O. Vaughan, Sheridan Lake, Col.

Wonderful—relieves much suffering. Mrs. M. M. Brewster, Montgomery, Ala.

Sent by express on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle, Sold by all druggists. Book to mothers mailed free. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by all Druggists, at 75 cents.

In the Easter number of the New York Ledger, issued March 21, Mrs. Amelia Barr starts "A Sister to Esau," a Scotch serial. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett contributes "Eight Little Princes." George Bancroft, Dr. Felix Oswald, Wilson de Meza, Amy Randolph, Jean Kate Ludlum, Anna Sheilds and Helen M. North also contribute.

Julia E. Johnson, Stafford's P. O., S. C., writes: "I had suffered thirteen years with eczema and was at times confined to my bed. The itching was terrible. My son-in-law got me one half dozen bottles of Botanic Blood Balm, which entirely cured me, and I ask you to publish this for the benefit of others suffering in like manner."

MARKETS.

CLINTON.

(Reported by A. F. JOHNSON & Co.)

Corn, (new)	60
Peas,	65
Bacon,	8 to 12
Chickens,	15 to 25
Eggs,	10
Beeswax	15 to 20
Butter,	20 to 25
Lard,	10 to 12
Fodder,	70
Flour,	5 50 to 6 00
Hides,	05 to 06
Turpentine, (hard)	1 20
" (Virgin and Yellow Dip)	2 00
Cotton, middling,	8 1-16

WILMINGTON.

Spirits Turpentine,	37 per gallon
Rosin, (strained)	1 30 per barrel
" (good strained)	1 25 per barrel
Tar,	$1 45 per barrel
Crude Turpentine, (Hard)	$1 40
" " (Virgin	2 10
Yellow Dip)	2 25
Cotton,	8¼
Timber, per m.,	3 00 to 15

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TAKE BOTANIC BLOOD BALM FOR ALL SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES.

The Best Household Medicine.

Once or twice each year the system needs purging of the impurities which clog the blood. From childhood to old age, no remedy meets all cases with the same certainty of good results as

BOTANIC BLOOD BALM.

W. C. McGauhey, Webb City, Ark., writes. "B. B. B. has done me more good and for less money than any other blood purifier I ever used. I owe the comfort of my life to it."

F. A. Shepherd, Norfolk, Va., August 20, 1888, writes: "I depend on B. B. B. for the preservation of my health. I have had it in my family now nearly two years, and in all that time have not had to have a doctor."

☞ Write for illustrated "Book of Wonders," BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga. Sent free.

NEW MILLINERY GOODS!

I am now in New York City selecting a large and handsome line of MILLINERY GOODS, which will be opened in a few days, next door to W. A. Johnson's. Hold your orders 'til you see my line. I will please you in both quality and price of Goods. My line of Ladies' Hats can't be beaten.

Very Respectfully,
MISS ANNIE GIDDENS.
ap2—2t

Shoe Repairing.

N. BOONE has opened a Shoemaking and Repairing Establishment over the office of Dr. A. Holmes, opposite Murphy House, on Main Street, and will be glad to receive a liberal share of the public patronage. Satisfaction guaranteed.
mch26—1m

Notice to Creditors!

HAVING THIS DAY QUALIFIED as the administrator of the estate of J. O. Rich, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to come forward and make immediate payment.

All persons holding claims against said estate will present the same, duly proven according to law, on or before March 9th, 1892, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. L. J. RICH, Adm'r.
Per HENRY E FAISON, Att'y.
March 9th, 1891.—12-6w

SPECIAL NOTICE!

We are making preparation for our semi-annual trip to New York and need all money due us. If you owe us an account you are expected to settle it NOW!

You have had our goods and ought to pay for them.

Respectfully,
WM. A. JOHNSON.

N. B.—New Spring Goods just received. mch5—1m

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GUANO For Sale:

FARMER'S

Special Cotton Compound

Made from Amonia, Bone, Cotton Seed Meal and Fish.

Manufactured by F. S. Royster & Tarboro, N. C.

J. A. FERRELL, Agent,
feb19—2m Clinton, N. C.

MILL AND FIXTURES FOR SALE!

One Twenty-five Horse Power Watertown Steam Engine and Boiler and one Saw Mill; with Ratchet Head-Blocks, all made by Dewey Bros., Goldsboro, N. C., and having been run only about six months.

Also I will sell one Timber Wagon, one Log Cart and one road Wagon, all of them are nearly new.

Also I have three young Mules for sale.

For further particulars apply to
BIAS UNDERWOOD,
Jan22—tf Clinton, N. C.

Notice to Creditors!

HAVING QUALIFIED AS administrator of Nathan R. Johnson, deceased, the undersigned hereby notifies all persons holding claims against said estate to present the same, duly proven, according to law, on or before March 6th, 1892, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said estate in any way will please come forward and make immediate payment.

A. C. JOHNSON,
Administrator.
Per Attorney, HENRY E. FAISON.
March 6th, 1891.—12-6w

CHAS. A. GOODWIN & CO.

PROPRIETORS

Fayetteville Marble Works.

[LAUTER'S OLD STAND,]

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Manufacturers of and dealers in Marble and Granite Monuments, Wrought Iron and Woven Wire Fencing.

BEST WORK! LOWEST PRICES!

Guarantee Satisfaction!

feb5—tf

NORTH CAROLINA, SAMPSON CO.—IN SUPERIOR COURT, MARCH 16TH, 1891.

Wm. H. Williams and wife,
vs.
M. W. Patterson, E. C. Williams and others.

To EDGAR C. WILLIAMS:

Take notice that the above entitled action is pending in the Superior Court of Sampson county, the purpose of said suit being to set aside a certain deed made by J. R. Beaman, administrator and commissioner, to the said M. W. Patterson. You are therefore notified to appear before the Judge of our Superior Court, at a court to be held for the county of Sampson, at the courthouse in Clinton, N. C., on the 8th Monday after the first Monday in March, 1891, and answer or demur to the complaint of plaintiff, which will be deposited in the Clerk's office of said county, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

J. S. BIZZELL,
mh19-6t Clerk Superior Court.

YOU MAN OF BUSINESS,

How Much Can You Lift?

That depends on what you lift with. Archimedes said: "Give me a fulcrum on which to rest, and I will move the earth."

Many a business has enough

CAPITAL AND ENERGY

And yet barely holds it own, or fails altogether because these forces are not wisely utilized.

If you would move the world of trade, try the fulcrum of Newspaper Advertising. THE CAUCASIAN will enable you to do this to the greatest possible advantage.

Everybody Needs

At some time or other a little good Spirits. Remember that WATSON & PETERSON keep a full line of what you want. Also a full line of fine

WINES, BRANDIES AND WHISKIES

Just received.

10 Barrels of Mountain Dew Just Received.

Call on

WATSON & PETERSON,

CLINTON, N. C.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CLINTON DRUG STORE

[ESTABLISHED 13 YEARS.]

T. J. LEE - - Manager.

Persons need medicine only when they are sick and their lives in danger, then they want the very best that can be had. Only such is kept at the CLINTON DRUG STORE; there can be found also a full line of Patent Medicines, Essential Oils, Perfumery, Trusses, English Tooth Brushes, Medicinal Whiskey, Horse and Cattle Powders, and the best remedies for all diseases and ailments of Horses, Mules, Cattle, Hogs, Poultry, etc.

LEE'S BACKACHE PLASTERS!

In North Carolina's sunny clime.
Their wond'rous virtues, fadeless stick.
Exert an influence sublime
In ministering to human ill;
And many a pang along our way,
Lee's Plasters doth allay.

You can cure a bad case of Backache quicker with one of Lee's Plasters than by any other application, and after the backache is cured, you can still wear the plaster with comfort for a month or longer. This Plaster is a great discovery, and it is hard to find any pain or ache that will not yield to it. Prepared only by T. J. LEE, Druggist.

LEE'S WART SPECIFIC.

A certain cure for warts on horses and mules, as Judge E. T. Boykin, the Editor of THE CAUCASIAN, Capt. Cornelius Partrick, Maj. W. Lucius Faison. Messrs. A. Ferd Johnson, Henry E. Faison, Wm. H. Faison, Hon. Bascomb Nicholson and many hundreds of others in Sampson and adjoining counties and throughout Eastern Carolina will certify. Sold only by T. J. LEE, Druggist.

WORMS IN HORSES.

Lee's Worm Specific never fails to expel worms from horses and mules. Warranted in every case. Sold only by T. J. LEE, Druggist.

HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS.

We offer under this head the best Condition Powders in the market. They are prepared by the leading Drug House of the United States, from the formula of the most distinguished Veterinary Surgeon living. They are excellent appetizers, a general alterative and tonic, and can be relied upon as a remedy for all diseases of domestic animals. They are composed of Licorice-Root, Juniper Berries, Flaxseed, Gentian, Ginger, Iron and Antimony. Sold only by T. J. LEE, Druggist.

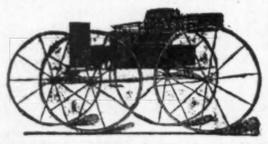
OTHER SPECIALTIES.

Pure 4-year Old Medicinal Whiskey.
A Safe and Certain Corn Cure.
Sure Cure for Scratches in Horses.
Sure Cure for Eczema in Cattle and Horses.
Safe and Sure Cure for Lice on Stock.
Specific for Staggers in Horses and Hogs.
Sure Cure for Chicken Cholera.

Scientific remedies for all diseases and ailments of Horses, Mules, Hogs, Cattle, Poultry and Dogs.

T. J. LEE, Druggist.
October 9th, 1690. –tf

W. T. WILLIAMSON'S
BUGGY AND CARRIAGE FACTORY
IN NEW QUARTERS ON FAYETTEVILLE ST.



☞ Round Shaves, Hacks and all Edge Tools made, and Repairing done on short notice.

I will keep on hand a large lot of Western Buggies (open and top) and Roads Carts. They will equal in quality and are sold as low as any like goods in Goldsboro, Fayetteville or Wilmington.

Respectfully,
mch28-tf W. T. WILLIAMSON.

RAILROAD HOUSE,
NEAR THE DEPOT.

Sample-Rooms and Special Conveniences for Traveling Men.

The Fare is the best the market affords, which is always served in good wholesome style.

Board, per day, only	$ 1 50
" " week,	4 00
" " month,	12 00

The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited.

W. E. BASS,
sep19—tf Proprietor.

WHAT
SCOTT'S EMULSION CURES
CONSUMPTION
SCROFULA
BRONCHITIS
COUGHS
COLDS
Wasting Diseases

Wonderful Flesh Producer.

Many have gained one pound per day by its use.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N.Y.

SESSOM'S HOTEL,
ROSEBORO, N. C

Special accommodations for the traveling publicd.

Regular boarers will also be taken.

MRS. J. M. SESSOMS.
my8—tf Porprietress.

THE RESURRECTION DAY

SERMON BY DR. TALMAGE FOR EASTER SUNDAY.

"Come, See the Place Where the Lord Lay" the Text of the Discourse—A Wonderfully Graphic Word Painting of the Last Scene of Earth.

NEW YORK, March 29.—Dr. Talmage preached an Easter sermon to his two audiences today. Both at the morning service in Brooklyn and at The Christian Herald service in New York in the evening the Academies of Music were bright with a profusion of flowers, Easter lilies being conspicuous. A selection of music appropriate to the festival was beautifully rendered at each service. The text of the preacher's discourse was Matthew xxviii, 6, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

Visiting any great city we are not satisfied until we have also looked at its cemetery. We examine all the styles of cenotaph, mausoleum, sarcophagus, crypt and sculpture. Here lies buried a statesman, yonder an orator, here a poet, out there an inventor, in some other place a great philanthropist. But with how much greater interest and with more depth of emotion we look upon our family plot in the cemetery. In the one case it is a matter of public interest, in the other it is a matter of private and heartfelt affection. But around the grave at which we halt this morning there are gathered all kinds of stupendous interest. At this sepulcher, I have to tell you, in this sepulcher there was buried a king, a conqueror, an emancipator, a friend, a brother, a Christ. Monarch of the universe, but bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and sorrow of our sorrow, and heart of our heart. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

It has for surroundings the manor in the suburbs of Jerusalem, a manor owned by a wealthy gentleman by the name of Joseph. He was one of the court of seventy who had condemned Christ, but I think he had voted in the negative, or, being a timid man, had been absent at the time of the casting of the vote. He had laid out the parterre at great expense. It was a hot climate, and I suppose there were broad branched trees and winding paths underneath them, while here the waters rippled over the rock into a fishpool, and yonder the vines and the flowers clambered over the wall, and all around there were the beauties of kiosk arboriculture. After the fatigues of the Jerusalem courtroom, how refreshing to come out in these suburbs botanical and pomological!

WHERE JESUS LAY.

I walk a little farther on in the parterre and I come across a cluster of rocks, and I see on them the marks of a sculptor's chisel. I come still closer and I find that there is a subterranean recess, and I walk down the marble stairs, and come to a portico, over the doorway an architecture of fruits and flowers chiseled by the hand of the sculptor. I go into the portico, and on either side there are rooms, two or four or six rooms of rock; in the walls niches, each niche large enough to hold a dead body. One of these rooms of rock is especially wealthy with sculpture. It is a beautiful and charming spot. Why all this? The fact was that Joseph, the owner of the parterre, of that wealthy manor, had recognized the fact that he could not always walk those gardens, and he sought this as his own last resting place. What a beautiful plot in which to wait for the resurrection!

Mark well the mausoleum in the rock. It is to be the most celebrated tomb in all the ages; catacombs of Egypt, tomb of Napoleon, Mahal Taj of India, nothing compared with it. Christ had just been murdered, and his body must be thrown out to the dogs and the ravens, as was customary with crucified bodies, unless there be prompt and effective hindrance. Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum, begs for the body of Christ, and he takes and washes the poor and mutilated frame from the blood and the dust, and shrouds it and perfumes it.

I think embalmment was omitted. When in olden times they wished to embalm a dead body the priest with some pretension of medical skill would show the point between the ribs where the incision was to be made. Then the operator would come and make the incision, and then run for his life else he would be slain for violating the dead body. Then the other priests would come with salt and nitre and cassia and wine of palm tree and complete the embalmment. But I think in this case embalmment was omitted lest there be more excitement and another riot. The funeral advances. Present, Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum; Nicodemus, who brought the flowers, and the two Marys. Heavy burden on the shoulders of two men as they carry the body of Christ down the marble stairs and into the portico and lift the dead weight to the level of the niche in the rock, and push the body of Christ into the only pleasant resting place it ever had. These men coming forth close the door of rock against the recess. The government, afraid that the disciples would steal the body of Christ and play resurrection, put upon the door the seal of the Sanhedrim, the violation of that seal, like the violation of the seal of the United States government or of the British government, always followed with severe penalties.

SOLDIERS GUARDED IT.

A regiment of soldiers from the Tower of Antonio is detailed to guard that mausoleum. At the door of that tomb a fight took place which decided the question for all graveyards and cemeteries. Sword of lightning against sword of steel. Angel of God against the military. The body in the crypt begins to move in its shroud of fine linen and slides down upon the pavement, moves through the portico, appears in the doorway, comes up the marble steps. Christ, having left his mortuary attire behind him, comes forth in the garb of a workman as I take it, from the fact that the women mistook him for the gardener.

There and then was shattered the tomb so that it can never be rebuilt. All the trowels of earthly masonry cannot mend it. Forever and forever it is a broken tomb. Death that day taking the side of the military received a horrible cut under the angel's spear of flame, and must himself go down at the last—the King of Terrors disappearing before the King of Grace. "The Lord is risen." Hosanna! Hosanna!

Oh, weep no more, your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

When one of the old Christians was dying he said he saw on the sky the letter "V," and he said, "I cannot understand what that is I see against the sky; it is the letter 'V.'" A Christian standing beside him said, "I know what it means; that letter 'V' stands for victory.'" I gather up all these flowers to-day, and I strew them over the graves of your Christian dead in the letter "V" for "victory," "R" for "resurrection," "T" for "triumph," "H" for "heaven." "The Lord is risen." Hosanna!

HONORS AFTER DEATH.

While standing around the place where the Lord lay I am impressed with the fact that mortuary honors cannot atone for wrongs to the living. If they could have afforded Christ such a costly sepulcher they could have afforded him a decent earthly residence. Will they give a piece of marble to the dead Christ when they might have given a soft pillow to the living Christ. If they had put half the expense of that mausoleum in the making of Christ's life on earth comfortable the story would not have been so sad. He wanted bread; they gave him a stone. Christ, like every other benefactor of the world, was better appreciated after he was dead. Westminster Abbey and monumental Greenwood are to a certain extent the world's attempts by mortuary honors to atone for neglects to the living. Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey an attempt to pay for the sufferings of Grub street. I go into that Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, and there I find the grave of Handel, the musician from whose music we hear today as it goes down reverberating through the ages. While I stand at the costly tomb of Handel I cannot forget the fact that his fellow musicians tried to destroy him with their discords.

I go a little farther in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey and I find the grave of John Dryden, the great poet. Costly monument, great mortuary honors; but I cannot forget the fact that at seventy years of age he wrote about the oppressions of misfortune, and that he made a contract for a thousand verses at sixpence a line. I go a little farther on in the Poets' Corner and I find the grave of Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras." Wonderful monument, costly mortuary honors! Where did he die? In a garret. I move farther on in the Poets' Corner and I find the grave of a poet of whom Waller wrote: "An old schoolmaster by the name of John Milton has written a tedious volume on the fall of man. If its length be no virtue, it has none." I go a little farther on in the Poets' Corner and I find the grave of Sheridan. Alas! for Sheridan. Poor Sheridan! Magnificent mortuary honors. What a pity it was he could not have discounted that monument for a mouthful of something to eat! Oh, unfilial children, give your old parents less tombstone and more blankets, less funeral and more bedroom.

Five per cent. of the money now expended at Burns' banquets would have made the great Scotch poet comfortable and kept him from being almost harried to death by the drudgery of an exciseman. Horace Greeley—outrageously abused while he lived—going out to his tomb was followed by the president of the United States and the leading men of the army and the navy. Some people could not say bitter enough things about him while he lived; all the world rose up to do him honor when he died. Massachusetts, at the tomb of Charles Sumner, tried to atone for the ignominious resolutions with which her legislature denounced the living senator. It was too late.

The costly monument at Springfield, Ills., cannot pay for Booth's bullet. Costly mortuary honors on the banks of Lake Erie—honors that cost between $200,000 and $300,000—cannot pay for the assassination of James A. Garfield. Do justice to the living. All the justice you do you will have to do this side the gates of the necropolis. The dead cannot wake up to count the number of carriages in the procession or see the polish on the Aberdeen granite or to read the words of epitaphal commemoration. Costly mausoleum of the gentleman in the suburbs of Jerusalem cannot atone for Bethlehem's manger and Calvarean cross and Pilate's ruffian judiciary.

FLOWERS FOR THE DEAD.

Again. Standing in this place where the Lord lay I am impressed with the fact that floral and sculptural ornamentation are appropriate for the places of the dead. We are all glad that in the short time of the Saviour's inhumation he lay amid flowers and sculpture. I cannot quite understand what I see in the newspapers where, amid the announcements of obsequies, the friends request "send no flowers." Why, there is no place so appropriate for flowers as the casket of the departed. If your means allow—I repeat, if your means allow—let there be flowers on the casket, flowers on the hearse, flowers on the grave. Put them on the brow; it means coronation. Put them in the hand; it means victory. Christ was buried in a parterre. Christ was buried in a garden. Flowers are types of resurrection. Death is sad enough anyhow. Let conservatory and arboretum do all they can in the way of alleviation. Your little girl loved flowers while she was alive. Put them in her hands, now that she cannot go forth and pluck flowers for herself. On sunshiny days twist a garland for her still heart.

Brooklyn has no greater glory than her Greenwood, nor Boston than her Mount Auburn, nor Philadelphia than her Laurel Hill, nor Cincinnati than her Spring Grove, nor San Francisco than her Lone Mountain. What shall I say of those country graveyards where the vines have fallen down and the slab is aslant and the mound is caved in and the grass is the pasture ground for the sexton's cattle? Are your father and mother of so little account that you have no more respect than that for their bones? Some day gather together and straighten up the fence and lift the slab and bank up the mound and tear out the weeds and plant the shrubs. After a while you yourself will want to lie down to the last slumber. If you have no regard for the bones of your ancestors, your children will have no deference for your bones. Do you say these relics are of no importance? You will see of how much importance they are when the archangel takes out his trumpet. Turn all your graveyards into gardens.

Standing in this place where the Lord lay I am also impressed with the dignity of unpretending obsequies. Joseph that day was mourner, sexton, liveryman—had the entire charge of all the occasion. Four people only at the burial of the King of the Universe. Let this be consolatory to those who, through small means or lack of large acquaintance, have but little demonstration of grief at the grave of their dead. It is not necessary. Long line of glittering equipages, two rows of silver handles, casket of costly wood, pallbearers scarlet and gloved are not necessary. Christ looks out from heaven at a burial where there are six in attendance, and remembers there are two more than he had at his obsequies.

Not recognizing this idea, how many small properties are scattered in the funeral rites, and widowhood and orphanage go out to the cold charity of the world. The departed left enough property to have kept the family together until they could take care of themselves, but it is all absorbed in the funeral rites. That went for crape which ought to have gone for bread. A man of small means can hardly afford to die in one of our great cities. Funeral pageantry is not necessary. No one was ever more lovingly and tenderly put into the grave than Christ, but there were only four in the procession.

THE DEAD SHALL RISE AGAIN.

Again, standing in this place where the Lord lay, I am impressed with the fact that you cannot keep the dead down. The seal of Sanhedrim, a regiment of soldiers from the tower of Antonio to stand guard, floor of rock, roof of rock, wall of rock, niche of rock, cannot keep Christ in the crypt. Come out and come up he must. Came out and came up he did. Prefiguration. The first fruits of them that sleep. Just as certainly as you and I go down into the grave, just so certainly we will come up again. Though you pile up on the top of us all the bowlders of the mountains, you cannot keep us down. Though we be buried under the coral of the deepest cavern of the Atlantic ocean, we will rise to the surface. Ah! my friends, death and the grave are not what they used to be to us, for now, walking around the spot where the Lord lay, we find vines and flowers covering up the tomb, and that which we called a place of skulls has become a beautiful garden. Yea, now there are four gardens instead of one—Garden of Eden, Garden of the World's Sepulcher, Garden of Earth's Regeneration, Garden of Heaven.

Various scriptural accounts say that the work of grave breaking will begin with the blast of trumpets and shoutings; whence I take it that the first intimation of the day will be a sound from heaven such as has never before been heard. It may not be so very loud, but it will be penetrating. There are mausoleums so deep that undisturbed silence has slept there ever since the day when the sleepers were left in them. The great noise shall strike through them. Among the corals of the sea, miles deep, where the shipwrecked rest, the sound will strike. No one will mistake it for thunder or the blast of earthly minstrelsy. There will be heard the voice of the uncounted millions of the dead, who come rushing out of the gates of eternity, flying toward the tomb, crying: "Make way! Oh, grave, give us back our body! We gave it to you in corruption; surrender it now in incorruption." Thousands of spirits arising from the field of Sedan, and from among the rocks of Gettysburg, and from among the passes of South Mountain. A hundred thousand are crowding Greenwood. On this grave three spirits meet, for there were three bodies in that tomb; over that family vault twenty spirits hover, for there were twenty bodies.

From New York to Liverpool, at every few miles on the sea route, a group of hundreds of spirits coming down to the water to meet their bodies. See that multitude!—that is where the Central America sank. And yonder multitude!—that is where the Pacific went down. Found at last! That is where the City of Boston sank. And yonder the President went down. A solitary spirit alights on yonder prairie—that is where a traveler perished in the snow. The whole air is full of spirits—spirits flying north, spirits flying south, spirits flying east, spirits flying west. Crash! goes Westminster Abbey, as all its dead kings and orators and poets get up.

Strange commingling of spirits searching among the ruins. William Wilberforce, the good, and Queen Elizabeth, the bad. Crash! go the Pyramids, and the monarchs of Egypt rise out of the heart of the desert. Snap! go the iron gates of the modern vaults. The country graveyard will look like a rough plowed field as the mounds break open. All the kings of the earth; all the senators; all the great men; all the beggars; all the armies—victors and vanquished; all the ages—barbaric and civilized; all those who were chopped by guillotine, or simmered in the fire, or rotted in dungeons; all the infants of a day; all the octogenarians—all! all! Not one straggler left behind. All! all!

And now the air is darkened with the fragments of bodies that are coming together from the opposite corners of the earth. Lost limbs finding their mate—bone to bone, sinew to sinew—until every joint is reconstructed, and every arm finds its socket, and the amputated limb of the surgeon's table shall be set again at the point from which it was severed. A surgeon told me that after the battle of Bull Run he amputated limbs, throwing them out of the window, until the pile reached up to the window-sill. All those fragments will have to take their places. Those who were born blind shall have eyes divinely kindled; those who were lame shall have a limb substituted. In all the hosts of the resurrected not one eye missing; not one foot clogged; not one arm palsied; not one tongue dumb; not one ear deaf.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

Wake up, my friends, this day, this glorious Easter morning, with all these congratulations. If I understand this day, it means peace toward heaven and peace toward earth. Great wealth of flowers! Bring more flowers! Wreath them around the brazen throat of the cannon, plant them in the desert until it shall blossom like the rose, braid them into the mane of the war charger as he comes back. No more red dahlias of human blood. Give us white lilies of peace. Strew all the earth with Easter garlands, for the resurrection we celebrate this morning implies all kinds of resurrection, a score of resurrections.

Resurrection from death and sin to the life of the gospel. Resurrection of apostolic faith. Resurrection of commercial integrity. Resurrection of national honor. Resurrection of international goodwill. Resurrection of art. Resurrection of literature. Resurrection of everything that is good and kind and generous and just and holy and beautiful. Nothing to stay down, to stay buried, but sin and darkness and pain and disease and revenge and death. Let those tarry in the grave forever. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill to men."

Christ, the Lord, is risen today,
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your songs and triumphs high.
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vitality of a Quail.

J. E. Isgrigg, of Carthage, Mo., thus writes to The American Field: "I send you by express a hen quail. W. B. Hickey was working his puppies on birds today, and when the bevy flushed he noticed this bird, which flew, he says, like one having been shot in the head. It flew quite a distance, and upon getting it up the second time he killed it, which of course was contrary to law, but under the circumstances was a humane act. You will see that a twig has been run completely through the breast, both ends protruding. It has evidently been there quite a long time, as the wound has grown over. I think it marvelous that the bird could have survived such a wound. The bird would in all probability have lived its days out had it not been shot. Mr. Hickey's theory is that the bird was flying to escape a hawk and darted into the brush, and in doing so flew against this twig."

Stealing a House.

The thieves about Frankford are nothing if not enterprising. A short time ago a party of them demolished two houses owned by Building Inspector Collom to secure the wood. A few days later he was notified by the highway department to remove the debris or suffer a heavy penalty. Mr. Collom had the bricks cleaned and nicely piled where the erstwhile houses stood, and all was well. Next day he visited the site and discovered that the thieves had carted away the bricks. He ordered a sign painted warning persons against removing the lot.—Philadelphia Record.

During the year 1890 3,556 new Methodist churches were established in the south, an average of one church in every nineteen hours.

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy, condition of all the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a Bilious Look, if our stomach be disordered you have a Dyspeptic Look and if your Kidneys be affected you have a Pinched Look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and Tonic acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blotches, Boils and gives a good complexion. Sold at Dr. R. H. Holliday's drugstore, Clinton, N. C., and John R. Smith, druggist, Mt. Olive, N. C., at 50 cents per bottle.

C. F. & Y. V. Railway Co.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In Effect March 15th, 1891.

NORTH BOUND.

	No. 1. Daily ex Sunday.	No. 3. Daily ex Sunday.	No. 15. Daily ex Sunday.
Lv Wilmington	9:00 am		
Point Peter	9.10 "		
Currie	9.49 "		
Atkinson	10.04 "		
Ivanhoe	10.19 "		
Kerr	10.30 "		
Tomahawk	10.41 "		
Garland	10.55 "		
Parkersburg	11.07 "		
Roseboro	11.27 "		
Autryville	11.48 "		
Stedman	11.55 "		
Ar Fayetteville	12.25 pm		
Lv Fayetteville	12.55 "		
Lv Sanford	2.27 "		
Ar Greensboro	5.00 "		
Lv Greensboro	5.20 "		
Lv Walnut Cove	7.09 "		
Ar Mt. Airy	9.00 "		
Lv Bennettsville		8.30 am	
Ar Maxtoo		9.40 "	
Lv Manton		9.50 "	
Ar Fayetteville		11,45 "	
Lv Ramseur			7.10 am
Ar Greensboro			9.50 "
Lv Greensboro			10.40 "
Ar Madison			11.45 "

SOUTH BOUND.

	No. 2. Daily ex Sunday.	No. 4. Daily ex Sunday.	No. 16. Daily ex Sunday.
Lv Mt. Airy	6.25 am		
Lv Walnut Cove	8.32 "		
Ar Greensboro	10.00 "		
Lv Greensboro	10.20 "		
Lv Sanford	1.00 pm		
Ar Fayetteville	2.20 "		
Lv Fayetteville	2.55 "		
Stedman	3-27 "		
Autryville	3.35 "		
Roseboro	55.4 "		
Parkersburg	4.16 "		
Garland	4.28 "		
Tomanawk	4.43 "		
Kerr	4.54 "		
Ivanhoe	5.06 "		
Atkinson	5.22 "		
Currie	5.37 "		
Point Peter	6.20 "		
Ar Wilmington	6 30 "		
Lv Fayetteville		3.30 pm	
Ar Maxton		5.20 "	
Lv Maxton		5.30 "	
Ar Bennettsville		6.45 "	
Lv Madison			1.35 pm
Ar Greensboro			3.40 "
Lv Greensboro			4.00 "
Ar Ramseur			6.55 "

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J. W. FRY, Gen'l Manager.

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STORE NEWS!

Buying at A. F. JOHNSON & CO.'S Store now is just about like buying a gold dollar for ninety cents; yes, or even,—in a few cases—at SEVENTY-FIVE cents. We have not so great an assortment as earlier in the season, but we can fix you out with neatness and dispatch.

SPRINGTIME will soon be here, and we would feel badly not to find our winter stock all disposed of. There are four or five weeks of cold weather yet. Can't you use some—Dress Goods, Cloaks, Shawls, Blankets, Mens' Hats and heavy Boots and Shoes—while it lasts?

If in need of any of these goods IT WILL PAY YOU TO COME AND GET THEM NOW!

EARLY INVOICE OF SPRING

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Condensed Schedule

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

DATED Jan. 19, '90.	No. 23 Daily.	No. 27. Fast mail. Daily.	No. 41 Daily. ex. Sun.
Lv Weldon,	12 30 p m	5 43 pm	6 20 am
Ar Rock Mt.	1 40 "	.....	7 24 "
Ar Trboro,	*2 17 "	.....	
Lv Trboro,	10 45 "	.....	
Ar Wilson,	2 18 "	7 00 pm	7 53am
Lv Wilson,	*2 30 "	.....	
Ar Selma,	3 30 "	.....	
Ar Fayettevil	5 30 "	.....	
Lv Goldsboro,	3 15 "	7 40 pm	8 40am
Lv Warsaw,	4 10 "	.....	9 34 "
Lv Magnolia,	4 24 "	8 40 "	9 49 "
Ar Wilmingt'n	5 50 "	9 55 "	11 20 "

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

	No. 14. Daily.	No. 78. Daily.	No. 40. Daily ex Sunday.
Lv Wilmingt'n	12 35 am	9 15 am	4 pm
Lv Magnolia,	2 05 "	10 57 "	5 36 "
Lv Warsaw		11 11 "	5 53 "
Ar Goldsboro,	3 05 "	12 05 "	6 53 "
Lv Fetteville		*9 20 "	
Ar Selma		11 18 "	
Ar Wilson		12 20 "	
Lv Wilson	3 43 "	12 58pm	7 47pm
Ar Rocky Mt.		1 30 "	8 18 "
Ar Tarboro		*2 17 "	
Lv Tarboro		10 35 am	
Ar Weldon	5 05 "	2 55 pm	9 30 "

*Daily except Sunday.

Train on Scotland Neck Branch leaves Weldon 3 10 p. m., Halifax 3 32 p m; arrives Scotland Neck at 4 18 p. m., Greenville 6 02 p. m., Kinston 7 10 p. m. Returning leaves Kinston 7 00 a. Greenville 8 10 a. m., arriving Halifax at 10 45 a. m., Weldon 11 05 a m. daily except Sunday.

Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., via Albemarle & Raleigh railroad, daily except Sunday, 4 05 p. m., Sunday 3 00 p. m., arrive Williamston, N. C., 6 30 p. m., 4 20 p. m., Plymouth 7 5 7p. m., 5 20 p. m. Returning leaves leaves Plymouth, daily except Sunday, 6 20 a. m., Sunday 9 00 a. m, Williamston 7 40 a. m., 9 58 a. m., arrive Tarboro 10 05 a. m., 11 20 a. m..

Train on Midland, N. C., branch leaves Goldsboro, daily except Sunday, 7 00 a. m. arrive Smithfield, 8 30 a m. Returning leaves Smithfield, 9 00 a. m., arrive Goldsboro, 10 30 a. m..

Train on Nashville branch leaves Rocky Mt, at 3 00 p. m., arrives Nashville 3 40 p. m., Spring Hope 4 15 p. m. Returning leaves Spring Hope 10 00 a. m., Nashville 10 35 a. m., Rocky Mount 11 15 a. m., daily, except Sunday.

Train on Clinton branch leaves Warsaw for clinton, daily, except Sunday, 6 00 p. m., and at 11 15 a m; Returning will leave clinton at 8 20 a m and 3 10 p m, connecting at Warsaw with Nos 41 and 40, 23 and 78

Southbound train on Wilson & Fayetteville Branch is No, 51, Northbound is No, 50, Daily except Sunday

Train No 27, South, will stop only at Wilson Goldsboro and Magnolia

Train No 78 makes close connection at Weldon for all points North, daily. All rail via Richmond, and daily, except Sunday via Bay Line

The New York and Florida Special will run tri-weekly, commencing January 19th, leaving Weldon Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9.50 p. m., arriving Wilming on 2.09 a. m., returning leave Wilmington Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday 2.00 a. m., arriving Weldon 6.13 a. m.

All trains run solid between Wilmington and Washington, and have Pulman Palace Sleeper attached

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